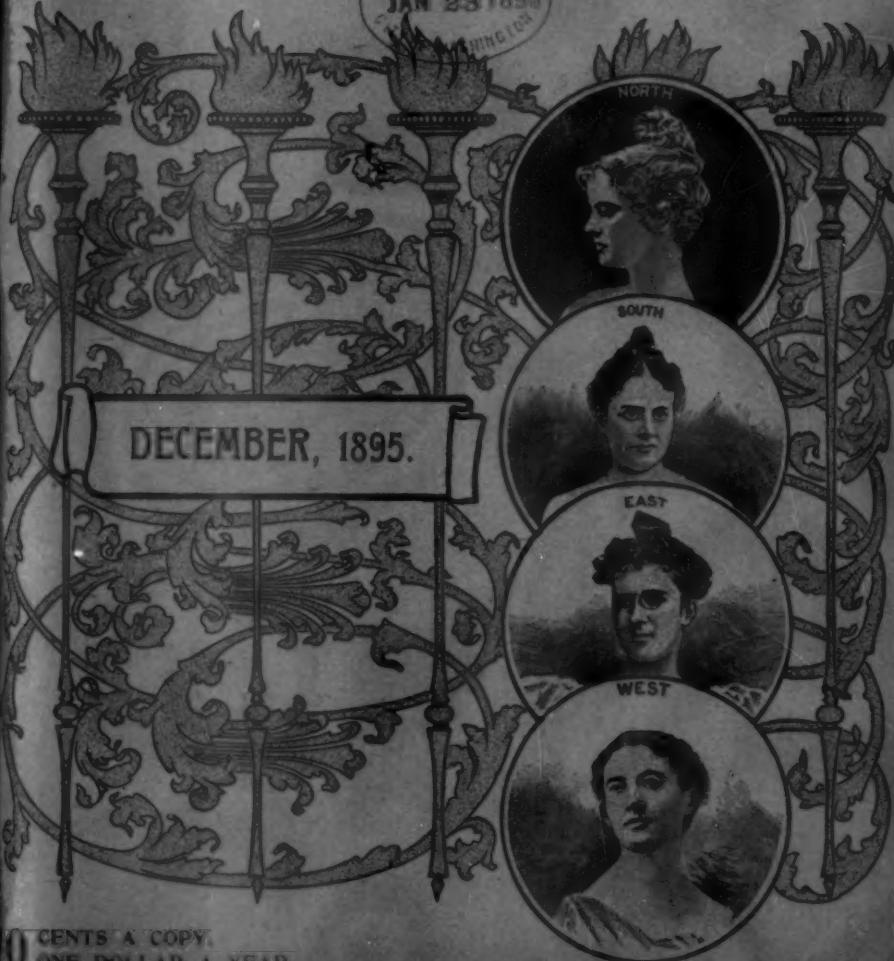


# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

JAN 28 1896

DECEMBER, 1895.



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menace to progress and civilization. To fear or shrink from it is a crime, not by the laws of society but by the laws of heredity, for the mother's condition reacts upon the offspring.

Birth is the beginning of all things. It is the law of nature. If natural, it should be easy and almost painless and it always is when the right preparation is made. One of the most successful woman's physicians in America, Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., who has received over 90,000 voluntary, written testimonials from women in all parts of America, knew this when he set out to discover his "Favorite Prescription." It is the greatest medical discovery of a century, because it is a double blessing. While it arms the mother with peace, strength and comfort, it also arms her child with the sure promise of happiness and successful manhood or womanhood. And this is the debt we owe to the newcomer. If others pay that debt in full the late American will owe us the devotion of a lifetime. And he will pay it.

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for his comfort and welfare? And what, by the way, is his inheritance?

To every woman his coming means a quicker heart-beat. It has cost something to have him come. Every mother knows that. Yet how much he may bring! What do we owe to him and what does he owe to us? Every mother knows what she owes to the latest arrival. She owes him first of all, life—robust, natural, joyous life—the only kind of life worth living. But she also knows that she must have that sort of life herself, that she can't give it unless she has it. She owes him a fair chance, a grip on happiness which will give him a grip on fortune. This is a rich inheritance, but it is every mother's duty to give him all these. How? By getting them herself before he comes. If she is sick, nervous, miserable and despondent, she is making a heavy cross for his young shoulders. She owes him a sound mind, a strong constitution and a cheerful disposition. And these she cannot give unless

#### HIS COMING

is hailed with joy instead of feared with sorrow.

Every woman should know that science has furnished many improved means of safely rearing children. And that it has made it easy for their mothers when they come. If the new arrival is awaited with sorrow, misgivings and fear, there is something wrong. He will have as an inheritance the wrong sort of a start in life. To make light of the event is inhuman and unnatural. The society woman who regards babies as "unfashionable" is past reform. She is a

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# IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.

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THE delay in publishing the December number of this magazine was due to the change of ownership and the removal of the publishing department to New York. The publisher regrets the inconvenience and annoyance it may have caused the subscribers. It was unavoidable. Future issues will be published on time and mailed promptly.

The October number is out of print. Every effort possible will be made to supply this number to subscribers who may have failed to receive it. All letters of inquiry shall have prompt attention and will be carefully filed until the copies wanted can be secured. Other back numbers will be supplied when not out of print.

## Arthur's Home Magazine

enters 1896 under new ownership and new management. It will be enlarged and improved, and in many ways made more attractive than ever. It will be brighter, more interesting, better illustrated and better printed; a magazine for the home of equal interest to each member of the family. It will be

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WILLIAM P. CARUTHERS, Publisher,

156 Fifth Avenue, New York.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

From the Painting by Edwin Howland Blashfield.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1895.

VOL. XLV.

No. 12.

## IS ART PROGRESSING?

THE low prices realized for paintings at the recent auction sales do not in the least indicate that art in America is not progressing. We must not look at the monetary value of a painting as it is announced at an exhibition or sold at an auction sale in order to discern the true position of art; we must look at the work itself and in general at the best work which the American artists are turning out. Then we find that art is progressing, and progressing rapidly. It simply requires recognition. Art is the exposi-

tion of science, and as one advances so does the other.

In this connection it may be well to note that American work has of late received considerable attention at the Salon in Paris. John La Farge, N. A., was offered a special section to himself during this year's exhibition, a distinction rarely accorded an American. His canvases received the approbation and praise of foreign contemporaries and critics, while the press has not yet ceased to honor him. His work is appreciated not only by artists and con-



WINTER EVENING  
From the Painting by Smith-Hald.

noisseurs, but by the general public as well. Mr. C. D. Gibson, the well-known American illustrator, also has the distinction of having been assigned a complete section at the Salon, Champ de Mars, for the exhibition of his work in 1894. And there are others who have received a similar honor.

An exhibition of the pastel drawings of Edwin A. Abbey, the celebrated American artist, has recently been held at the rooms of the Fine Arts Society in London. His work has awakened considerable interest among the English and may result in a revival of popular taste for pastel drawings. In the last few years little has been done in this line by English artists, but that the excellent work of Abbey is well appreciated is demonstrated by the large attendance each afternoon at the exhibition.

A subject which has of late been of extreme interest among the artists of this country is the appropriation of high art for purposes of advertising and announcement. The Poster Exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston is probably responsible for much of the enthusiasm which has been excited in the artistic poster, though all of this interest is not in approbation of the new departure. However, it seems perfectly clear to us that the effect of mingling art with the more commonplace capacities will not be in the least to lower art, but to place the contemporary business professions on a higher level. Surely, the functions of art will

not be complete until its principles are manifest, not only among the few, but in every respectable community and occupation in life. The artistic poster is a step in this direction and its introduction cannot but result in the creation of higher ideas of that which it represents.

At the fair in Boston over 400 posters have been exhibited. Mr. Frank T. Robinson, the director of the fine arts department, receives the full credit for the introduction of this novel and interesting feature.

American sculptors have shown great skill in the management of the statues for the new Congressional Library at Washington. The entire collection will contain over fifty figures. In the large reading room will be statues representing the various forms of literary art; also sixteen figures illustrative of poetry, art, science, history, philosophy, commerce, law and religion.

These are to be illustrated by representations of Angelo and Beethoven for art, Newton and Henry for science, Homer and Shakespeare for poetry, Herodotus and Gibbon for history, Plato and Bacon for philosophy, Solon and Blackstone for law, Columbus and Fulton for commerce, and Moses and St. Paul for religion. Several of these statues have been completed, and the models of all have been submitted. The height of these figures is to be six feet six inches, and the height of the main statues of poetry, art, science,



LIANE.  
From the Painting by Seifert.

history, philosophy, commerce, law and religion is to be eleven feet six inches. The construction of these works of art was placed in the hands of the foremost sculptors of America and the result so far has been excellent. Among the number may be mentioned Theodore Baur, Augustus and Louis St. Gaudens, Bela L. Pratt, Frederick MacMonnies, Herbert Adams, John Donoghue, John Flanagan, J. Q. A. Ward, Paul W. Bartlett, John J. Boyle, F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, Charles H. Niehaus and Edward C. Potter. Other

by the public. Out of the one hundred and fifty or more pictures to be displayed are about twenty portraits by Gilbert Stuart and a number by Copley. Almost all of the celebrated early American portrait artists are represented. There are portraits of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe by Gilbert Stuart; a picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," by Emanuel Leutze; "Musidora," by Thomas Sully, and other works of excellence too numerous to mention. The portraits of the



PLAYMATES.

From the Painting by Blume

well-known sculptors also figure in the list of the artists who will adorn the new library.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York an exhibition of early paintings of well-known Americans is about to commence. The canvases have been secured after much trouble and will remain for six months before being returned to their owners. The president of the museum originated the idea of the exhibition, and the art committee has been at work for some months procuring the specimens, among which are some excellent canvases by artists who have almost been forgotten

first five Presidents by Gilbert Stuart were loaned by Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston.

They were painted for Col. George Gibbs, of Newport. The collection was accumulated from States in all portions of the country. Exclusive of New York, the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati contributed the largest number of canvases.

The finest works of art, as also the finest works of the poetic and musical talent, are necessarily more than the result of simple tuition and severe training. While hard study is an abso-

lute necessity to the success of every student of the fine arts, there is yet an element without which the quality of that produced can in no instance be of the most exquisite type. This is the psychical element. Its influence in the higher professions is wonderful, and in pen-and-ink illustration it is apparent to all. It is responsible in a great measure for the life-like rendering which Mr. C. D. Gibson presents of

Said a well-known artist to me the other day: "I sometimes find, when at work on a painting, that I will be impressed with the idea that there is something wrong with my picture. I glance at the model and attempt to discover the fault, but on some occasions without avail. When such conditions arise I discontinue work for the day, entirely forgetting that I possess such a thing as a studio, and on the



END OF DAY

From the Painting by G. Laugee

his characters when at his best. When absent in pen-and-ink illustration the work presents at once its total lack of vitality, and causes the viewer to be impressed, not by an appreciation of exquisite portrayals, but by its technical composition of lines—only lines. No matter how perfect may be the drawing, technically considered, if the psychic forces of the artist are not used the work will lack life.

following day my first glance at the picture is apt to discover the difficulty." There is undoubtedly a principle here which would benefit the uncertain in any branch of life.

The loan exhibition of portraits which has been in continuance at the National Academy of Design in New York for several weeks past is advertised to close the first week in December. The most popular portraits ex-

hibited are by foreign artists. Carolus Duran is represented by his paintings of Mrs. George Gould and Miss Vanderbilt. The portrait of Mrs. Theodore Sutro, by Rhoda Holmes Nichols, is an American work of excellence. Mrs. Nichols is one of the foremost lady artists of this country and is very successful on likenesses. A painting of the popular actress Miss Lillian Russell, by Elliott Gregory, attracts considerable attention at the exhibition. The

originally intended by the organizers of the exhibition.

A public auction in the United States Marshal's office in New York recently disposed of a collection of over eighty paintings, some of which it is claimed are the works of old masters. The entire collection was sold to various New York dealers for \$3,500. A painting, "The Flight from Egypt," was announced as by Guido; and another, "Christ Bearing the Cross," as by Da



LEAVING HER NATIVE LAND.

From the Painting by Henry Bacon

attendance this season has been quite large, probably exceeding that of last year, on account of the interest society has taken in the marriage of Miss Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough. The portrait of Miss Vanderbilt was undoubtedly the most popular one at the exhibition, and in many respects it is the finest work of art. The funds accumulated from the sale of admission tickets will be given to St. John's Guild and the Orthopedic Hospital, as was

Vinci. If these statements are true the pictures are of great value, but their authenticity has yet to be proven. The highest price paid for a single painting was \$250. The picture in question was catalogued as by Rembrandt.

In the designing of the new Treasury notes, soon to be issued, the services of three excellent artists have been employed, and as a result the work is the most artistic which has ever as yet been displayed on any securities. Nu-



YOUTH.

From the Painting by J. F. Ballavoine.

merous designs were submitted by artists all over the country, but those chosen were by Will H. Low, Edwin Howland Blashfield and Walter Shir law. They were oil paintings in black and white, and great skill is required on the part of the Government en-

artistic designs, Claude M. Johnson, chief of the Bureau of Engraving, says: "The new notes as works of art will have a decided and agreeable educational influence; besides they will be more difficult to counterfeit. We have employed the best artists to be



CUPID A PRISONER.

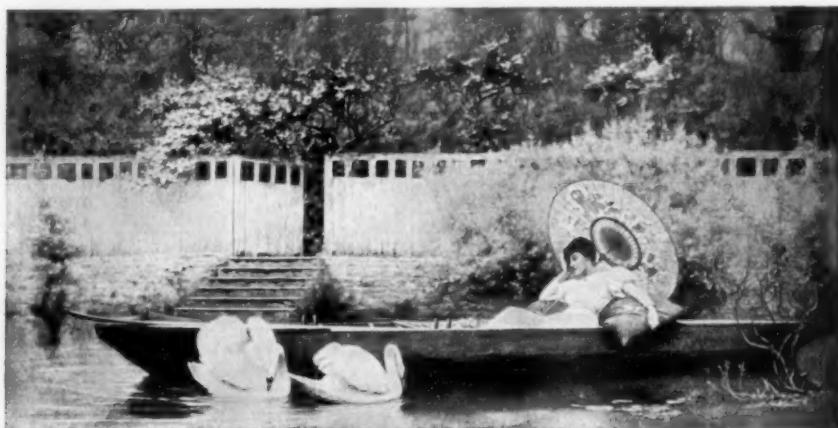
From the Painting by Louis Doyen.

gravers to properly convey their full intentions. The introduction of true art into legal tender is another step of equal influence in cultivating a universal appreciation of artistic works, as will be a similar introduction of art into the realm of advertising. In regard to this and other advantages of the

had, and we are sure our engravers are the best to be obtained in the world. These features of the new currency would themselves command for it the attention of all civilized nations. But in reproducing on the backs of the notes, for the first time, portraits of famous civilians we give the reverse

the same security that was imparted to the faces of the old notes by the portraits they bore, and add to the new notes a feature of beauty of artistic value." Will H. Low, the designer of the new one-dollar note, is known not only in the artistic world, but in the literary world as well. Edwin Howland Blashfield, who designed the new two-dollar note, has a similar reputation. He has studied in Paris a number of years and also extensively in Italy. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon for many years, as well as at the Royal Academy in London. Walter

in his work, particularly when his paintings are of indoor scenes among the peasantry. He studied in Germany just long enough to understand and appreciate Defregger's life like rendering of that class of subjects, when he crossed into France and began a careful study there. The result of this extensive and varied study is shown in the work which he has accomplished since his return to this country. "Sad News," one of his latest pictures, is distinctly of the German type. Although there may be some doubt as to whether the painting actually expresses



A FORETASTE OF SUMMER.  
From the Painting by G. C. Nightingale.

Shirlaw, the designer of the new five and ten dollar notes, has an excellent reputation as an artist and also as a designer.

The work of Emil H. Meyer, of Washington, D. C., since his return to America a few years ago, has proven its right to be on a level with the best paintings made in this country. In drawing it shows clearly the natural talent and hard study of the artist; in coloring it is soft and refined. Mr. Meyer is a pupil of Defregger, and consequent from his association with that master of modern art, and from his lengthy residence in Munich, possesses much of the German character

sad news, the work itself is excellent.

Robert Blum's decorative painting recently placed in the concert room of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York is a superb composition with a charm of color indescribable. It is entitled "Music." Graceful maidens in gauzy, clinging garments dance in a long, joyful procession.

Veerhoff, the art dealer of Washington, D. C., has on exhibition a painting by George Cope, entitled "Buffalo Bill's Outfit." The details of the picture are well chosen and excellently carried out, and the coloring is too real to receive anything but a favorable criticism.

ALFRED H. RITTER.

## THE CITY OF FLOWERS.

**V**ENICE is the Past, Nice is the Present. Venice means remembrance, Nice oblivion; there gloom, here brightness; there quietude, here bustle; instead of narrow waterways, lines of wide streets; instead of lagoons, the foaming sea; instead of dreams, reality. Venice is an idyl, Nice is a fair. Enjoyment, carelessness, gaiety dwell here. Even winter is like spring, and roses bloom all the year round. Nice is eternal youth—the fleeting moment. The power of Time is disregarded; all put it at defiance and make haste to live, although for the majority the prime of life has already hurried past. "Gather the flower of every hour" would be the most appropriate motto for the railway terminus at Nice, and they ought to tear down from the staircase wall the "Gare aux voleurs" (Beware of pickpockets) and substitute for the last word "Monte Carlo." The manœuvres of pickpockets succeed only in rare instances, whereas those of Monte Carlo seldom fail. Besides, in this place everyone is sure to be robbed of something—the pleasure seeker of his health, the invalid of his hopes. Without San Remo and Bordighera, I do not know where those wounded in the Nice campaign would recover.

Nice is the City of Nerves. Everyone is driven thither on account of them—some because they are not yet aware what the word means, others because they know only too well. The Casino, the clubs and Monte Carlo are the sustenance of the former; the sea, the smiling sky, the sunshine, of the latter. But the exhilarating breeze proves less attractive than the clubs. These are always full of life, whilst the sea beach has only certain fashionable hours. Nice is no health resort. It is a great city, with all the seductions of one. During the day people sleep; at night they live. He who seeks repose here will be bitterly disappointed, and he whose nerves want bracing will find

out his mistake. Nice is a place of amusement, and I recommend it only to those radiant with health. But should there be anyone tortured by an unconquerable desire to renovate his nervous system by means of the sea air to be inhaled under the palm trees of the Promenade des Anglais, let him make his first appearance on Ash Wednesday. There are some thousand fewer people strolling about on that day. Lent causes the carnival folk to scatter in all directions, and then comes the Mi-Carême, which seems to have been invented especially for Nice. In truth it is from flesh and blood this city is built up. Nice keeps two carnivals, in mid-Lent enacting over again all the frolics of the previous one.

I arrived on Carnival Tuesday. In the rain, on a muddy road, the omnibus carried me through the Rue de la Gare to my hotel. I perceived maskers about in the streets in spite of the downpour. The "eternal" sunshine of Nice made a jest of it, too, on that supreme day of jests. It likewise had donned a mask, and I found the mud flying about my conveyance even more briskly than at Budapest, and that gloom is gloom at Nice the same as elsewhere. Indeed, it seemed only more intense on this joyous feast of the confetti. There was no great crowding in the streets. The runaways often took shelter under the arcades, the dominoes in the open carriages wore their mackintoshes, and on every side were to be seen many closed windows and empty balconies. Nevertheless, brisk encounters and spirited scenes took place here and there, this confetti throwing not being the gentlest of sports. It is regular fighting. The mask is not really a mask, but a piece of armor woven of thick wire. The ammunition, which is carried in bags, consists of little hard balls of the size of a pea, made of a paste-like material. It is this which is called the confetti. The weapon used to project them is an

instrument similar to a small coal shovel. The dominoes of such carriages as run side by side throw showers of pellets into each other's faces and eyes, one pedestrian chases another, and from the windows above descends a shower as well. I was far from being enchanted with these gentle collisions, not only because a few weeks later I was to witness a charming battle where flower fought with flower, but

tected my eyes as well as I was able, and a café, full of tobacco smoke, rescued me at last from the persecutions of three dominoes.

Ash Wednesday is in no way less characteristic than the last holiday of the carnival. Indeed, I found it quite in harmony with the spirit of the gloomy season of fasts. Merrymaking to-day, mourning to-morrow. After pleasure, pain. There was no more fun, no run-



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT.

also because I was scarcely able to escape the dangers of this confetti tournament. When you arrive weary and exhausted after a long journey you care little for fun even in the atmosphere of fun. I ventured out without a protecting visor, in spite of warnings to the contrary. I recommend respect for customs and habits to all those who care for their eyesight. "Si fueris Romae, romano vivito more." With the palms of my hands I pro-

ning to and fro in the streets. I heard instead imprecations both loud and deep in many directions. Sales by auction were taking place at every street corner. The too sanguine hopes of numerous hotel and boarding house proprietors were here at last extinguished. During Lent rent is low. Whole ranges of buildings stand empty. Nice has overbuilt itself and complaints are loud in every store. Woe to the stranger who should find his way into

any of these establishments. He will be thoroughly despoiled. Monte Carlo fixes the prices. Money is there of no value—life itself but little. Fabulous prices are charged for goods.

"I beg your pardon, that is very dear," you say.

"How is that, sir?"

"It is not worth so much."

"But you like it, do you not?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Now, my dear sir, the value of

for as goods purchased. The victim was a Prussian officer. He showed the artist the door in a fashion more energetic than polite, had the bill inserted in *Le Petit Niçois*, left Nice, and since then, most probably, has manipulated his head himself.

Oh, this Nice is really a glorious place! The men are *gentil*, polished, perfumed and got up in the latest style. And the women? The women are charming from an artistic point of



QUAI DES PALMIERS.

everything you like is doubled here."

The following incident happened to an acquaintance of mine who wanted to beautify himself. (It is the fashion here, every third shop being either a hairdresser's or a perfumer's.) A bill amounting to forty-eight francs was presented to him. Comb, brush, pomatum, perfume, hair dye, hair pencil and the remains of everything which had been in contact with his head and face the artist had charged him

view. As for the girls with the first flush of youth upon them, they are not to be found here. Nice keeps pace with the modern drama—husband, wife and admirer. I often thought of poor Halmi as I walked along the seashore under the palm trees of the famous Promenade des Anglais, listening to the melodious strains of music proceeding from the Jardin Public of an afternoon. (I beg pardon, it is only forenoon with us. The band performs be-

tween four and six and we dine about seven.)

Halmi, name which to us Hungarians recalls so much ! For was he not a first-rate actor, endowed with the sympathetic temperament of the true artist ? Belonging to our national theatre, he played more especially the parts of generous and high-spirited men who, no longer dominated by the passions, obtain great success in society on account of their ingenuous and winning manners, their attractive conversation, but chiefly by that warmth of heart which appeals so irresistibly to women. This last quality was his main characteristic. He possessed great talent in softening the rough traits of an unsympathetic rôle and was endowed with true poetical instinct. He was barely thirty-two when he died. He fell a victim to consumption, against which he fought a year or two, but in vain ; the disease mastered him. Being intensely devoted to his artistic calling, he could not forego acting even when he was in a very weak state of health. The excitement of the stage accelerated his end. His last performance was that of the *Baron Cheval* in the "Parisian Romance." This worn-out roué belongs to a type of sensualist anything but sympathetic. Halmi, however, was able to arouse in his audience some sort of participation in his fate, and played the part as a most amiable *viveur*. *Cheval*, as we all know, dies, surrounded by a group of pretty ballet girls, in the act of drinking a glass of champagne. That very moment was Halmi's greatest success, but he sank down and we never saw him again on that stage, which was his life, whence he delighted us, and upon which he has never since been equalled.

How often did I picture to myself his last ingenious creation, so pathetically in harmony with his own failing health ! In Octave Feuillet's "Parisian Romance" he represented the type of the faded cavalier of Nice—the figure of the man who rebels against Death and will not take Time's warning hint. To live without "life" (what to him constitutes life) is impossible. Till the

last moment he holds himself erect. With such as he the seashore of Nice is crowded.

My doctor made a cutting remark about women. The list of strangers was alluded to. "Distinguished company," remarked some one. "Sir, here everyone is distinguished, and every woman has a husband. The list of strangers is an illusion. No one investigates identity and nowhere are doubtful situations accepted more readily."

Each of the more celebrated towns of the south has its distinguishing epithet—Venice, "the Wealthy"; Florence, "the Charming"; Genoa, "the Proud," and Nice has been named "the City of Flowers." But this is not sufficiently significant. The scent of roses pursues one everywhere on the Riviera. No, she could lay claim to a far more characteristic title. I, for my part, would call her Nice "d'occasion" (the second hand—shoddy, tinsel). Every second shop is "selling off"; every street corner and every advertising board are placarded with this word. Society, life, trade, everything in fact, are "d'occasion" in this "monde d'occasion" except the 50,000 natives. But these cannot be said to exist during the season. It seems as though they had hidden themselves away to hibernate. They do not mix with the multitude of foreigners, whose life is to them but a *pièce de théâtre* (passing show), which they regard as curious onlookers at a distance.

There are many who only know Nice life from Sardou's "Odette." This is the case with those genuine seekers after rest who live quietly apart from the crowd, passing their time exclusively on the beach in the open air. But their numbers are gradually diminishing, and they are withdrawing to a greater distance from the atmosphere of Nice. Cannes has now become the splendid retreat of people of rank, and, on Italian territory, the shores about Bordighera afford a grateful tranquillity.

Although I spent some time in Nice I was never able to feel myself thoroughly at home. It is the most noisy and most lonely place in the world. I

could not get rid of that sensation common to us all during the first half hour of a visit to strangers ; that is to say, I always felt a little embarrassed, stiff and out of place. Had I not vainly traveled from town to town, seeking repose ? The remedy for me was to avoid all noise and excitement, and the very centre of seething emotions became my resting place. Let us not deceive ourselves. No one is at rest here, and yet there is something

is a good hotel. However, let us not imitate Nice in its everlasting festivals. They do not captivate foreigners. I can assert it from experience. There is a committee in Nice, headed by the prefect, whose sole purpose it is to devise means for attracting strangers. I admit that they do their best by arranging every imaginable mode of entertainment ; but what is the result ? They chase away the choicer portion of the visitors. Those who seek health



PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.

in the air which attracts and carries away even the most ill-humored. The hotels are comfortable, the sun smiles in the heavens, one can sail on the sea, recline under the palms, listen to music, inhale the odor of flowers everywhere, go the theatre of an evening, and there is, besides all this, the seduction of the Riviera at any time.

We might take Nice as an example as to how hotels should be managed. To attract visitors the first necessity

and rest pass on, as I have said, to the Italian seashore. Nice is gradually becoming a huge hotel for Monte Carlo. It sounds better to say one dwells in Nice, for the resident of Monte Carlo is looked upon as a gambler ; that of Nice only as a nervous patient.

In Budapest there is no hotel which an Englishman would call comfortable, and his opinion on this matter is decisive. The French do not travel, the

Germans do not spend, the English and Americans do both. If, when tired out with traveling, you have to ascend hundreds of stairs before arriving at your room your first thought is not to remain, but to escape. You hurriedly survey the town and take your leave as quickly as possible. Without an elevator no hotel nowadays will compel a traveler to remain. On the Riviera all hotels more than two stories in height are furnished with an elevator. They also possess general lounging rooms—I mean smoking rooms and saloons.

The English married man likes to feel at home in his hotel. If he does not he will not stay. The English lady cannot imagine a hotel where after lunch and dinner she has not at her disposal a spacious room with newspapers, a piano, and a writing table. Therein she reads, knits, plays her music and writes her letters—letter writing being apparently the one passion which moves her while traveling. In short, the drawing room represents home to her, and what do we offer in this respect? A smoky café, where she cannot engage in any of her occupations, nor associate with its mixed company of total strangers, whereas a drawing room does provide these facilities. On the Riviera they anticipate every requirement. Noiseless carpets, divans, rocking chairs, newspapers, books, pianos, fireplaces; in fact, everything necessary to the comfort of hotel visitors.

The saloon of the hotel is an important factor in Nice life, more important even than the table d'hôte.

In these international caravanserais there are none who lay so much stress upon eating as the English. They sit down, mute all through the repast, eat with intense gravity, and leave their seats again without uttering a sound. No notice whatever is taken of neighbors, and no one, save the Englishman, grumbles about the dishes to the waiters. He is just as conscientious a diner as is the Italian an artistic idler. As for the ladies, I was always astonished to note the interest with which they handle the menu, but after dinner

in the drawing room I must admit that the English lady becomes a most amiable being. She is as unaffectedly charming here in her easy chair as she was earnest at the table d'hôte. It is difficult to find the exact expression. She does not sit, like other mortals, but floats in that rocking chair. Her conversation is calm, dignified, unimpassioned, and it is only a faint smile which now and then gives some slight evidence of the existence of a sentimental chord. She is at home in music, painting, and in the literature of the country. Never in all my rambles did I meet an English girl without a Tauchnitz (guide book). She is always ready to seat herself at the piano in obedience to your polite request; she will sing if you ask for a song; she will draw, paint, and indeed do a little of everything.

My hotel was quite an English nest—a quiet house, with a view of the sea on the banks of the Paillon—the wide bed of a mountain torrent, generally in a more or less dried-up condition. Its scanty waters lose themselves in the sea close to our house. A dried-up brook is a cheerless sight, but the Paillon amuses you, for it is constantly bubbling with life. All day long dark-eyed, prattling, singing girls wash their fine linen in its waters. The Paillon traverses the town, dividing it into two parts, each with different characteristics. To the left, on the mountainous side, rises the old city, with its dark walls and narrow passages; to the right, on level ground, extends modern Nice, with its shady, boulevard-like streets and attractive residences. The former is the camp of the natives, the latter is the international colony, full of hotels, nearly all of which are built on wide, open spaces. The only curative elements of Nice are its air and scenery. Its establishments are founded on these attractions. Fine air and scenery attract the healthy as well as the invalid.

Now, in these respects there are few cities possessed of a more favored site than Budapest. It even seems to me as if the upper part of the strand of the Danube—namely, the Marguerite Quay

—with its unbuilt narrow ridge, had been created for that especial purpose. When once that palatial structure, our new Houses of Parliament, is completed the Marguerite Quay will certainly become a centre of movement and one of the glories of our city. It receives constant breezes from the river and mountains opposite, and the views to be embraced from it are beautiful beyond description. Quite a swarm of ships and local steamers of

down, on the right bank) Mount Gelert, with its magnificent panorama.

Everything that can impress the heart and mind is ours. We should not, therefore, neglect our advantages. In some ways we are even more favored than is Nice. Nice has to contend with difficulties all round. It has to compete with the whole shore stretching from Genoa to Marseilles; nay, even beyond, for Nervi is already becoming known. We have no such rivals. Our



CAPE MONTBORON.

varying sizes cut through the waves, and all day long traffic is carried on with lively bustle over our three fine bridges, soon to be supplemented by a fourth. Beyond rises on high the fortress with the King's palace, and the glittering roof of St. Matthias' Church, with its slender turrets; farther on the chain of the Buda Mountains, studded with handsome villas; to the right the gem of our noble river, the Marguerite Island, and to the left (a little farther

hard fight against the jealousy of Vienna is over. The war waged against us by her press so long and so bitterly has faded into a remembrance. In all probability we should have entirely forgotten it by this time did not the French journals, whenever they refer to us, take every opportunity of recalling it to our minds. If they write the most absurd nonsense concerning us we have only to thank the Viennese press, heretofore always busily em-

ployed in spreading abroad the most incredible reports to discredit us in the eyes of the world. But in spite of all this our city has gradually developed beyond our brightest hopes. The mighty impulse given by the last twenty years of our political independence has caused it to become the heart of the whole country. Its population has doubled itself; within it throbs a full political life. With a free press it has become the centre of our national literature, the arts are improving, and a progressive movement can be remarked in every direction. Even Vienna has ceased her efforts to lessen us in the esteem of other nations. In this change of front there is, perhaps, necessarily a certain egotism on her part; times have changed for her as well. Austria has quite enough on hand in contending with her own difficulties. In a word, we have now become very good neighbors, although, naturally, not very loving ones. Still, we live on tolerably good terms together.

As for our city, it is about to enter upon a fresh phase in its existence. A new route for the traffic of the world is opening out toward the East. That route will pass through Budapest. Until to-day we have not cared much to attract foreigners. At present it would be a mistake not to embrace every opportunity of transforming our city into a resort for travelers. But,

for heaven's sake, no festivals and not too much hospitality! The former have generally only the effect of driving people away, and the latter is too often but a burden. We should strive only to make our beautiful city, so splendidly situated, comfortable in every sense of the word. We should insure good sanitary conditions, obtain pure water, and keep the streets thoroughly cleansed, and it will become, with regard to traffic, the Nice of the East and West. Instead of the Promenade des Anglais we have the Corso-Strand, with its leafy boulevard; instead of the sea the ever-rolling and imposing Danube, with its picturesque setting; for the mild, salubrious climate of Nice, eternally delightful only in the imagination of poets, and often varying fitfully in the course of a day, we can substitute our lovely island, with the medicinal springs of the Varosliget.

We also have the Svab Mountains, with their bracing air; the famous hot baths of Buda, and, in addition to all these, the negative advantage of having no "Monte Carlo."

#### DENIS DE SZÜRY.

NOTE.—The foregoing sketch, and the one which appeared in our November number entitled "A Novel View of Venice," are from the talented pen of Mr. Denis de Szüry, secretary to the Hungarian Ministry of Public Instruction, well known in his own country as a brilliant contributor to the press. We have much pleasure in offering to our readers these original and vivid sketches, presented from a point of view so purely Hungarian. They belong to a series of impressions of the Riviera, which we hope to publish in due order.—ED.



## IN THE DRAMATIC WORLD.

THESE early December days have brought a very substantial change in our dramatic horizon, though hardly a satisfying one. Most of the theatres are offering an indifferent novelties that are achieving the actual distinction of the moment. Mr. Hoyt's "A Runaway Colt" dashed into favor on first appearance and has continued to increase in popularity as



Alice Evans.

second best—fictions to satisfy the cravings of the mind while larger dramatic facts are getting ready—till the full tide of Christmas attractions shall set in to sweep all before it in the holiday current. It is the farcical

the days go by. On a theme so thoroughly American as baseball the playwright has built up a pretty little story, and has moreover made a niche for the Chicago baseball hero, Mr. Anson, which he occupies with a very tolerable



HENRY MILLER.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York

grace. We have had real prizefighters and real burglars, but it remained for a real baseball captain to carry off the palm.

\* \* \*

Male characters of a youthful type, dashing or modest, grave or debonair, with a suspicion of sentiment thrown in, are an alluring field for the actress in which to seek new honors. The comic opera artist here holds sway by might of right—it is part of her stock in trade—but in the line of the legitimate such departures are a rarity, always excepting of course the picturesque pages of familiar ken that dot the drama. When Miss Julia Marlowe essayed *Chatterton* in Boston, some little time ago, the impression her impersonation made was sufficient guarantee for a second endeavor in this branch of her art. She selected *Prince Hal* as the rôle in which to exploit her versatility. And what a contrast are the dreamy poet and the hot-headed prince! She spared nothing in detail to bring her purpose to magnificent

accomplishment, and we are told the production of "Henry IV." is a sumptuous one. Mountings and costumes are of historical accuracy, and the young actress is finding a special fitness in this latest addition to her already wide range of parts. Professionals aver that Miss Marlowe's training in the technique of the stage was so exceptionally fine that she made her début armed with the weapons of conquest—a thorough knowledge of first principles.

\* \* \*

An elopement from boarding school of a ward in Chancery is the occasion of "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" at the Standard. These are enveloped in an atmosphere of broad humor, with a wealth of racy incident interwoven with the plot. *Miss Brown* is, by the by, the soldier bridegroom of the lovesick schoolgirl, who thus disguised makes his way into the Cicero Academy, where his lady love is imurred. There is a laughable reminder of one of Mr. Pickwick's embarrassing misadventures in the final escape of the lovers from the garden after an exciting encounter with a succession of pursuers. The young ladies of the seminary, alarmed at the noise, rush forth from the house *en negligée* (and curl papers), headed by their tutelary dragon, *Miss Jones*, to learn the cause of the disturbance.

\* \* \*

The Daly presentation of "Henry IV," which will be one of the Shakespearean revivals of this year, will be an arrangement of William Winters', and Miss Rehan will give us her interpretation of the untamed and lovable *Hal*.

\* \* \*

The horrible has a fascination there is no denying. It is that same certain something which is the enticing element in danger, the sense of standing on the edge of an abyss, as subtle an intoxicant as any other excitant that sets the blood coursing, the pulses throbbing; that, mounting to the brain, bids colder reason sleep a while and gives rein to all the wilder instincts that lie so near the polished surface of our culture. It is to this phase of many-sided human

nature that Mr. Richard Mansfield appeals in his newest play, "The Story of Rodion, the Student." It is a story of abject misery, all shadow with no single ray of light; the struggles of a gifted student with gnawing poverty, an impracticable dreamer brought face to face with the sordid necessities of mere animal existence. His authorship of an article on the relative injustice of the punishment of crime (an article teeming with revolutionary ideas) draws the attention of the police to him. When, therefore, to gain the wealth he craves he murders a rich money lender, his expressed theories point suspicion in his direction. Remorse, detection, final confession follow. His love for the unfortunate *Sonia*, hers for him, is the one redeeming feature of the dark picture.

As a play it is unfinished, unsatisfactory, lacking in sequence. The fine supporting company fail to make their rôles other than a mere background to *Rodion's* crime and retribution; of themselves they have no individual life, no meaning. They are silhouettes against which the outlines of the student's character stand out in strong relief. Despite this fact the interest is sustained from start to finish. One might say Richard Mansfield's genius makes *Rodion* and *Rodion* makes the play. Perhaps no more realistically horrible scene could be conceived than when the half-crazed student at midnight in his room re-enacts the murder in a pantomime suggestive enough to haunt one whose nerves are not proof. The piece is dramatized from the Russian novel "Crime and Punishment."

\* \* \*

"Hamlet" is enrolled in Alexander Salvini's repertory and success has written its indorsement thereof. The leanings of the actor toward the classic drama and the footsteps of his illustrious father are plainly evidenced and well borne out. But above all he is the beau ideal of the romantic school. Where could we find such another devil-may-care, fascinating vagabond as his *Don Cesar* or his *d'Artagnan*? Truly to portray the heroes of brave

words and short shrift, one needs be endowed not only with the physique and personality to invest them with charm, with the imagination to conceive the ideal, but as well with the perfect art which blends the colors harmoniously and paints a picture, not a travesty.

\* \* \*

Boston's theatrical reform movement is receiving very hearty encouragement from professionals and laymen. It is proposed to give at the Bijou a subscription series of sixty plays, healthy in tone and entertaining in quality, which the young person may imbibe without harm and the grown up may enjoy without unpleasant after-taste. Here is a very genuine revolt against the realism of to-day, a cry for observance of law in the letter at least, even though the spirit be violated. But, speaking of reform, a suggestion of Miss Fanny Davenport to do away with supers and carry with her as the necessary complement of "extras" those ambitious of rising in the profession, she to provide traveling ex-



VIOLA ALLEN.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.



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BLANCHE WALSH.

penses, costumes and a very small salary, is a reform on a very practical basis. There is nothing truer than the saying that every calling has its trade, and experience is the only royal road to tuition. The navy sends its schoolships on long cruises to teach recruits the necessary manœuvres. Why should not a school company be sent on the road under fine generalship and properly equipped with competent aides for the constant drilling of the forces? Then might we look for a rounded performance in every sense of the word. Graduates into the profession would be worthy the name, and our feelings would be no longer harrowed by the all-too common happening of a clever star in a wooden company.

\* \* \*

Since the Daly company of comedians has come to be one of the facts to be yearly reckoned with in New York theatrical doings, the pieces in which these players have sought, and won, the cordial understanding of their audi-

ences have not unnaturally assumed a character of their own. A Daly comedy is a Daly comedy and nothing else; other comedies may resemble it but there are nice distinctions we feel, while we may find them hard to define. The latest vehicle of the company, "The Transit of Leo," has the qualities while it lacks the quality of its fellows. It just falls short of the mark. Not that the improbabilities are so palpable —for who could not quote a dozen successes in the same vein full of glaring unrealities?—but that the construction is jerky and dramatic balance is missing. In short, it is good material badly used. Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Clarke are the fun makers of the piece, assisted not inadequately by the black *Minerva*. The romance proper is in the hands of Miss Rehan and Mr. Worthing, who as the wrong-headed young lovers agree to quarrel on their wedding night, and thenceforward conceal their ardor beneath the frigid surface of most unfriendly amenities, till the dénouement brings them to a sense of their folly. The return of the fur-clad *Mr. and Mrs. Placid* from Norway is a laughter-provoking incident worthy better setting. There were indeed pretty bits and clever moments throughout the play. But not Miss Rehan's graceful touch, not the loveliness of Miss Maxime Elliott, who flitted through the scenes in bewildering toilettes, not the conscientious work of the entire cast could oil the clogged wheels. When "The Transit of Leo" is withdrawn "Twelfth Night" will be given a short season, after which something new in comedy and emotional drama will prelude another departure into the classic.

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"The Witch" is in theme and tragic entourage reminiscent of Miss Wilkins' first venture into dramatic literature, "Giles Corey, Yeoman." Following fast on the heels of "Rodion, the Student," another of the type which make "delicious" little chills run up and down one's back (as The Duchess has it in "A Social Highwayman") it was hardly calculated to court popularity at the Garrick. When

"The Witch" ceases to weave her spells, Stuart Robson will take possession, thus bringing two erstwhile companions in arms before the New York public at the same moment, for Mr. Crane succeeds "Shore Acres" at the Fifth Avenue early in January. In the case of either something new is promised. Mr. Robson is appearing in "Government Acceptance," while Mr. Crane is already deep in rehearsal of "The Governor of Kentucky."

\* \* \*

The English players are surely gathering a harvest of American dollars this season. When "His Excellency" retires from the stage of the Broadway, another of Mr. George Edwardes' London companies will step forward to introduce "The Artist's Model," which will be the holiday attraction.

\* \* \*

Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the English contralto, is the most recent importation from the world of music abroad. Mlle. Janotta, the pianist, is the companion of her tournée on this side. And coincident with her arrival is that of the prima donna of another sphere, the French chanteuse, Mlle. Yvette Guilbert, of whom there has been as much said as would fill a volume. The seeming caprice of an hour, she has held her way steadily onward; her fame is world wide and her notes are veritably golden pieces. If the compass of the great Olympia has been taxed heretofore, it is likely to be still further put to it during the four weeks' stay of the Parisienne.

\* \* \*

At last "Trilby" is making her farewells to give way to "A Stag Party," by Messrs. Potter and Nye, on December 16. Louis Harrison, who was so long the funny man of Lillian Russell's company, will be one of the chief exponents of the new piece, and no doubt his auditors will incline a satisfied ear to his humorous nonsense.

\* \* \*

So famous a character as the renowned "Chimmie Fadden" could scarcely escape the clutches of the dramatist, and behold! in January he

will make his bow to the Philadelphians with Mr. Chas. H. Hopper to bear the burden of his graces and faux pas. "The Bowery Girl" has been approved, but if "Chimmie" of the stage wins half the celebrity as he has gained through Mr. Townsend's pen the matinée girl will have an idol of quite a novel kind.

\* \* \*

If one desires an insight into the stage methods of the various stars one has but to see them at an Actors' Fund benefit. There the differences are shown as if by a magnifying glass. As each principal follows closely his or her tenets of art it is hardly to be wondered at that the members of a company bear a sort of family resemblance, one to the other. This was especially noticeable at the benefit just past. Three picked companies gave each an act from a play, the Empire stock company appearing in "Sowing the Wind," Sir Henry Irving's company in "Charles I." and Miss Olga Nether-



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JULIA MARLOWE.

sole's and her support in "Camille." Every one of the three was a strong dramatic climax, every one of the three magnificently treated, and the study of effects was a rare one. The situations involved were different. In "Sowing

his fate still every inch a king, with the faithful *Queen* to bear him company; and *Camille*, to save *Armand* from possible death at the hands of *De Varville*, sacrifices herself, wins the hatred of the man she loves, and falls



MISS DOUSTE IN "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL."

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

"the Wind" Miss Viola Allen, as *Rosamund*, is pleading for the love denied her because of the bar sinister of her birth, when she stumbles upon the life secret of her lover's father. *Charles I.*, betrayed by his friend, yields himself prisoner to the enemies of the crown, gives up his sword and goes to meet

beneath his insults. Each is a heart crisis. And Miss Allen and Mr. Miller, Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry, and Miss Olga Nethersole made a remarkable quintette.

The one volunteer not on the programme was the small dog who unexpectedly made his advent while Mr.

Drew and Miss Adams were busily identifying each other as "A Pair of Lunatics." His appearance was so sented by Mr. Fritz Williams, who, with Miss Terriss, of "His Excellency's" forces, gave an amusing musical



MAXIME ELLIOTT.  
From a Photograph by Falk, New York

rapturously greeted that, after occupying the centre of the stage for a moment or so he contentedly trotted back to obscurity again.

The Lyceum company was repre-

comediatta, "Papa's Wife," in which Miss Terriss proved to everybody's satisfaction the truth of her paraphrase, "Necessity is the mother of prevarication."



ADA REHAN.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

What a host in himself is Mr. John Le Hay! The comedian of "His Excellency," he is as versatile as he is comic, and gave himself in a new light, as a ventriloquist, to the afternoon's performance, thereby scoring another triumph.

Miss Mabel Love contributed the vivandière's *pas seul*, that charming bit of suggestive dancing with its pantomime of service on the field. The Japanese dance from "The Shop Girl" and Miss Connie Ediss' songs were the other offerings of the English players, with the quartette from "His Excellency." Only one change was made in the whole, Mr. Louis Aldrich substituting for Miss Elita Proctor Otis, absent through illness.

At the Fund benefit in Chicago Joseph Jefferson headed the list of performers.

We have yet to see Miss Nethersole as *Juliet*, and in a stage edition of Prosper Merimée's "Carmen." Add

these to the rôles in which she has already gained glory and the list pretty well exhausts the gamut of emotion. Apropos of *Juliet*s a London presentation of Shakespeare's great love story, to be given early in January, will have a *Romeo* personated by a woman. Miss Esmé Beringer is the lady in question.

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Mr. James R. Hackett will have the part of *Rudolph Rassendyll* in the forthcoming production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" by the Lyceum stock company. Sothern has so identified himself with the success of Anthony Hope's hero that at first blush it seems almost a case of "Hamlet" without *Hamlet*. "The Benefit of the Doubt" is, however, to be brought out before the revival of the popular "Prisoner," and this latter is an importation from the Comedy Theatre, London, where it has had a successful run.

\* \* \*

After a lengthy absence Minnie Palmer is with us once more. Her engagement opens in Syracuse, after which she comes to the metropolis, where she will be seen in her new play, "The Schoolgirl." Miss Palmer has had not a few imitators and a host of followers in her special line of soubrette work, but as imitation is the truest flattery we may hope she will rise superior to them all and give us some fresh touches and new charms. The soubrette is a curious anomaly and has as many phases as that much abused literary product, the pastel. Anything from a singing, dancing, rough-and-tumble hoyden to a large-eyed ingénue with a taste for heroics may fall under the head of soubrette, and a definition is quite as elusive as delusive.

\* \* \*

Mr. John Drew will be seen in past favorites commencing January 6, it being Mr. Frohman's intention to stage successively "The Masked Ball," "The Butterflies" and "The Bauble Shop." The comedian's invasion of a serious rôle in this last undertaking was a smack of surprise and pleasure to his admirers. He had hitherto been *tou-*

*jours gai*; we were then given a taste of the undercurrent of feeling. And while "Christopher, Jr." and his ilk in Mr. Drew's guise will always meet a warm reception, there is a very general wish that "The Bauble Shop" may find a fitting successor. Anthony Hope and Edward Rose, it is said, will furnish his next play.

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Miss Janet Achurch may be remembered as the heroine of a slight unpleasantness with Mr. Richard Mansfield last spring. The English actress, having been engaged for Mr. Mansfield's company, was brought to this country, but from some cause which does not distinctly appear was cast for no single character during the entire season. The lady, indignant, rushed into publicity at the opening of summer, aired her wrongs, engaged a theatre, and with hurried rehearsal and imperfect support strove to make evident her claim to dramatic consideration. Under more fortunate circumstances and at a more propitious time her efforts might have met a different result. As it was she failed to convince the critics of any other than a somewhat untrained talent and more good intention than good execution. Word comes from London that the recent engagement of Miss Achurch in the provinces in "The New Magdalen" was cut short by a serious attack of typhoid fever, from which she is only just recovered. It is a somewhat singular sequel to the disagreement that both Mr. Mansfield and Miss Achurch should be stricken with the same illness at almost the same moment.

\* \* \*

Westward the course of A. M. Palmer's empire holds its way. He is now the lessee of a Chicago theatre in addition to his numberless other enterprises, and will open his coming season in September with "The Heart of Maryland" to inaugurate his reign. About that time New York's new theatre, the Murray Hill, at Forty-second street and Lexington avenue, will have reached completion and the East Side be able to boast a handsome house of its own. At the Garrick Mr. Charles

Frohman has assumed active management, vice Mr. Mansfield, who has likewise relinquished the direction of the Holland brothers' tour after this month to devote himself more closely to his personal interests.

\* \* \*

A recent discussion of the fabulous sums the star of to-day may command, more especially the vocal artist, brought out the story of the youthful débâutante who, after a few flattering press notices and a much-padded "interview," staggered her manager by demanding a nightly compensation of \$250. And Messrs. Abbey & Grau in course of this did not escape a sharp criticism



ALEXANDER SALVINI.

From a Photograph by Ritzmann, New York.

on the score of too generous salaries. Some amusing incident, by the way, is daily told of the Metropolitan singers. One of the latest is of Signor Cremonini, who was explaining to one of the fair sex, with some aid from an interpreter, that his knowledge of the English tongue was confined to three sentences : "I thank you," "I love you," and "You are beautiful." "Ah!" replied the lady, "I can answer for it that, when talking to a woman, Signor Cremonini will have no need of other words."

\* \* \*

The revival of "The Mikado" at the London Savoy and the assurance that it will have a good lease of life are sufficient evidence that, at home as well as abroad, Gilbert and Sullivan together are in demand, as either in other partnerships will never be. The time is ripe for another wedding of Gilbert's wit and Sullivan's melody, and what better subject could they ask than a burlesque on degeneracy?

\* \* \*

Mrs. Craigie is, if report says true, something less than thirty, and yet has already won over the critics as novelist and playwright. To be sure Ellen Terry would be apt to throw prejudice in favor of any play in which she appeared, but "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting" is quite capable of standing on its own merits. John Oliver Hobbes, like Oscar Wilde, has the gift of dialogue ; if fault there be her people talk almost too well, are perhaps too plainly the offspring of so clever a brain. An avowed vein of cynicism runs through everything from her pen ; she most caustically touches off the shortcomings of her worldlings, while not denying them the more human traits and better impulses. Whether or not one finds them sympathetic, they have the virtue of entertaining always. And so long as one escapes boredom, one is on the best of terms with the preacher. Women as playwrights have come rapidly to the fore ; this season, even thus far, has been a notable one in their advance.

Christmas week will bring back the fairy play "Hänsel and Gretel," and throughout the holidays matinées will be given daily for the children. The Star's holiday offering is "The County Fair," which Mr. Burgess has been at much pains to present with as nearly the original cast as possible. The story, with its mingling of pathos and humor, is one that retains its hold. The revival may in some wise atone for the rather unfortunate career of "The Year One," which fought its way inch by inch and refused to acknowledge defeat.

\* \* \*

After a long period of total disuse, or at best only spasmodic appearances, curtain raisers are coming into vogue once more. The curtain raisers of the past were as different in quality as the more pretentious afterpiece, the usual rule being an effective contrast ; but, in these pocket editions of farce, comedy or drama, we have had some of the brightest examples of the player's and the dramatist's art. In a single scene of perhaps twenty minutes' duration lay the kernel of a whole story. The onus of the work fell on two or three characters, and must be polished, scintillating, to make it tell. Rosina Vokes was one of the few who fully valued the short piece in its perfection, and every sketch in her repertory was a finished study of its kind.

\* \* \*

The Women's Professional League has seized the holiday occasion for a doll bazar, which is the more popular that the dolls have been dressed in many cases by favorite actresses in their favorite characters. Professional dolls have at least the advantage over stage children that, no matter of what tender age, they have no legislative champions to rescue them from publicity. Apropos, the stage children will have a Christmas feast, as usual ; the good things are already preparing, and the good time is almost at hand.

EMMA DE ZOUCHE.

## THE LATE WESTERN POET.

EARLY one morning in November last Eugene Field passed away suddenly and silently to "the glories of a life to be." The world was startled by the suddenness of his death, for no previous announcement of a serious illness had been made. In an instant, at the zenith of his strength, in the prime of his manhood and in the midst of his work, he was cut down.

The details of his death have been told and repeated by the press until they are now known to every household in the land. His little boy was sleeping by his side when the poet turned in bed and groaned. It was not yet day. The boy called to his father—no answer. He touched him—no response. Alarmed, he awoke the household. The poet was dead. Cause, heart failure.

Wherever the English language is or shall be spoken, the name of Eugene Field, the children's poet, will live. His poems of childhood are unsurpassed for their tenderness, sympathy and sweet portrayal of child life. He loved children and was one of them, almost boyish in his delight and manner when with them.

Eugene Field was born in New England. His father went West when Eugene was very young, finally locating at St. Louis, where he practiced law successfully for many years and until his death. He was at one time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri. The son was educated in Illinois and Missouri. After leaving college—the Missouri State University—Eugene removed to St. Joseph, where he began his career as a writer, contributing to the local press. In less than two years he was offered a position on a St. Louis paper, and was associated with both the *Dispatch* and *Times* of that city. After a year or two he removed to Kansas City, and was an editorial writer on the *Kansas City Times* for two years or

more. He wrote his first humorous poems at this time.

He made the Denver *Tribune* famous, having accepted a position on that paper after leaving Kansas City. Many of the people of that delightful mountain city remember his career there as vividly as if it were only yesterday that he wrote and made their leading paper famous.

He went from Denver to Chicago, where he accepted a position on the *Chicago Daily News*, with which he was connected up to the time of his death.

Eugene Field was a brilliant newspaper paragraphic writer, and in this work he had no superiors. But it is his poems of childhood that make his fame enduring. "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," "Little Boy Blue," "At the Door," "Baby" and others are gems of the English language.

### TO A USURPER !

Aha ! a traitor in the camp,  
A rebel strangely bold.  
A lisping, laughing, toddling scamp  
Not more than four years old !

To think that I, who've ruled alone  
So proudly in the past,  
Should be ejected from my throne  
By my own son at last !

He trots his treason to and fro,  
As only babies can,  
And says he'll be his mamma's beau  
When he's a "gweat big man!"

You stingy boy ! you've always had  
A share in mamma's heart ;  
Would you begrudge your poor old dad  
The tiniest little part ?

### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and stanch he stands ;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy  
Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"  
So toddling off to his trundle bed  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as, waiting these long  
years through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

#### WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a rim of crystal light,  
Into a sea of dew.  
"Where are you going, and what do you  
wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we!"  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long,  
Ruffled the waves of dew.  
The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea—  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—  
Never feared are we;"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam—  
Then down from skies came the wooden  
shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 't was a dream  
they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea—  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle bed.  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen  
three,

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

#### AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure,  
So fast the door, so firm the lock;  
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure  
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand  
The sweetness of my baby's plea—  
That timorous baby knocking and  
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,  
Regardless of its tempting charms,  
And, opening wide the door, I took  
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity,  
I, like a truant child, shall wait  
The glories of a life to be,  
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed  
The truant's supplicating cry,  
At the outer door I plead,  
"Tis I, O Father! only I?"

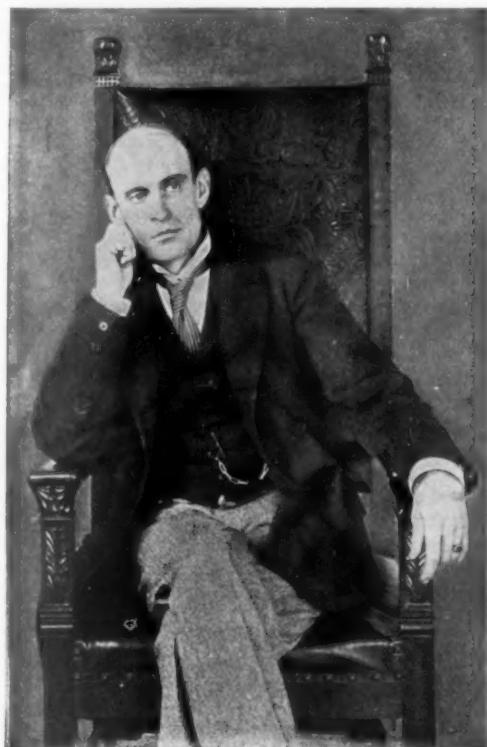
Among his best known books are  
"With Trumpet and Drum," "A Little  
Book of Western Verse," "A Little  
Book of Profitable Tales," "Second  
Book of Verse," "Echoes from a  
Sabine Farm," and "Love Songs of  
Childhood."

One who knew him well writes: "In  
spite of his vast collection of curiosities  
and antiques that filled his house  
Mr. Field was an exceedingly systematic  
man. All of the manuscript of  
his work he had neatly bound and  
stamped according to the best art of  
the binder, of which he was a connoisseur.  
Even a series of little sermons  
which he wrote for his aunt when he  
was nine years old is preserved in book  
form. He was a well-known frequenter  
of the old book stores of Chicago.  
His taste ran to odd and curious volumes on quaint and unusual

subjects—‘fool books’ he called them.

“The poet was not a conventional collector. Nor did he have any fads. What his fancy chose he bought and kept. And thus it happens that his bookcase at the side of the wonderful ‘den,’ as he loved to call it, contained

framed and hung above his bed. Mr. Field was a great lover of mechanical toys and small images, and he had hundreds of them about his den, together with strange pewter dishes picked up in some out-of-the-way place across the sea. Old blue china, almost



EUGENE FIELD.

From “A Little Book of Profitable Tales,” Charles Scribner’s Sons.

a ‘thumb’ bible and the smallest dictionary in the world; and the stand next to it held a collection of old and curious canes, and the shelves across the room were loaded with bottles of a hundred different shapes and sizes and all unusual and wonderful. And there also was Gladstone’s famous axe, presented to Mr. Field by the great premier himself, and Charles A. Dana’s scissors,

as delicate and fragile as cobweb, there was, too, and rare old prints, and the most complete collection of books on Horace in the world. All of these were jumbled up together.

“Their very catalogue would make a book of size, and yet there was a history with each of them, lost with the death of the poet. In all of them he took an almost boyish delight, and it

was this characteristic of youthfulness that gave him such a charm with children and that has made him the supreme master in the realm of child's verse."

The portrait here presented is considered the best that has been made of Mr. Field and is from a recent photograph. We publish it by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Field married Miss Julia Comstock, of St. Joseph, Mo., in 1883, and leaves a widow and four children to mourn his untimely loss. His personality was charming. He was popular among all with whom he was brought in contact. He was a perfect husband and father and a clean, successful, brilliant man. The world is better for his having lived in it.

### AN ARISTOCRAT CAT.

A bundle of glossy, sable fur,  
A head, a tail, and a gentle purr ;  
Two emerald orbs to light the way  
When pursuing mice, or just at play.

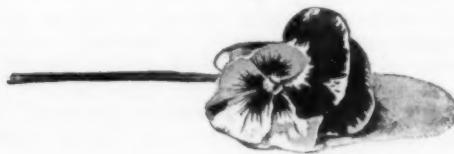
He soon grew large and became quite black.  
And because it rhymed we called him Jack.  
But Jack was not a plebeian cat—  
He came of blue blood—an aristocrat.

On the floor he sat not, but on a chair;  
If you wished to sit there, he didn't care.  
He never stole meat, but waited sedate  
Till he got it by gift, and on a plate.

When he grew tired he rested his head  
On the softest spot of his master's bed.  
His mistress' boudoir was his private room,  
And to get him out required a broom.

This gentleman cat became of age,  
And forthwith trod on another stage,  
For a beautiful bride he soon did roam,  
And now we know him no more at home

P. J. McKEON.



## A MAY BREW.

PROFESSOR TEGELEER was the happiest man in Carlsruhe when he read his letters on the 1st of May, for among the bills and checks that made the staple of his correspondence lay a long-shaped, legal envelope, addressed with all the string of academic letters and "Wohlgeborens" that he was entitled to, and containing the news that his crabbed old grand-uncle had at last "passed over into a better world" and left him a comfortable little fortune. Professor Tegeler hoped it was a better world that awaited his grand-uncle, but he had his doubts.

He was a big, raw-boned, blond, good-hearted young fellow, with a Schlägel scar on his cheek, of which he was very much prouder than of his really respectable scientific attainments.

"Only think of it," he said, as he looked at the legal document, "I am a landowner—a real landowner, with a house of my own! I wonder if she would call it a castle! It certainly has quite an imposing appearance when you come on it from the right side. No more drilling of botany into refractory girls' heads; no more books from circulating libraries; no more—Thunder and lightning!" he exclaimed, suddenly stopping his mad dance around the rickety table; "I cannot go to Professor Behr's little picnic. I—I—have lost a grand-uncle. I must go into mourning." And the young naturalist sat down with a very long face.

The bright May sun streamed through the curtainless windows and illuminated the bare, poverty-stricken room with pitiless distinctness, but Tegeler was used to this aspect of his surroundings, and the ugliness did not impress him. His whole mind was taken up with the argument waged between his sense of propriety and his impatience to pour the story into Gretchen Behr's little ear and win her consent to share his fortune from her pouting red lips. It certainly was a hard thing that his uncle should

die now, of all times, when Tegeler had the felicitous prospect of eating asparagus with the Behrs on the borders of the Black Forest.

Gretchen was slender and dark, with a gypsy beauty that had captivated half of the students in the Politecnicum. When her mother and father convoyed her along the prim walks of the Schlossgarten on Sunday evenings to smell the lilacs and listen to the nightingale, there was a great deal of nudging and whispering among the young men, settling of embroidered, pill-box shaped caps and superfluous switchings of canes. Lately there had even been a military moth or two flying around her, which was highly resented by the academic contingent, as a trespass upon the sacred precincts of science.

As for young Tegeler, he had fallen captive on first sight when she had opened the glass door of her father's flat to him the day after he entered upon his duties as assistant to Prof. Dr. Behr. However, Fräulein Gretchen was no more easy to understand than other girls of twenty, and poor Tegeler, who rated her market value at the price he set upon her favor, mourned over his hopeless plight in secret, read the "Sorrows of Werther" and played "The Trumpeter of Säckingen" on his flute in the spring moonlight, until the family in the flat below complained bitterly of disturbed rest.

The more he thought of the anticipated joys of the proposed picnic, the more aggrieved he became over the opportune windfall, for his jealousy was spurned into activity by the knowledge that Lieut. Von Pritzelwitz was to be of the party, and Tegeler was no exception to the law that drives the unmated civilian to look upon the clanking spurs and the dazzling buttons of the military as the craftiest snares of the Evil One. There had always been a certain amount of comfort to be derived from his own inches, contrasted with the high-heeled

shortness of his rival; and now that Tegeler had an income behind him, and no paternal government to insist upon a *dot* for a professor's wife, as it did for an officer's lady, he felt that his material advantages were an adequate offset to his rival's nobility. Tegeler was from the north, away up on the borders of Prussia, and nobody knew much about his family relations in this southern town; so he determined to risk detection, and go to the picnic anyhow.

He had the self-helpful habits of poverty, and he took out his best suit of clothes, his frock coat and antiquated beaver hat, and began brushing and sponging them with care; he blacked his boots and then ran down the long well-staircase to beg his landlady to mend his gloves. "Holy Mary and Joseph!" exclaimed the old woman, with whom he was a favorite, "your honor looks like some one had given you a present."

"Well, I have a good right to be pleased. I am going to make an 'ausflug' with the Behrs this afternoon," he answered.

"Na, na!" grumbled the old woman. "You will be getting marriage into that yellow head of yours before long. The doctor's girl is pretty enough, but who knows if she can make good soup, or cook a decent roast? You young fellows are all alike, gentle or simple; you cry for the moon, and when you get it you quarrel because it is not good to eat." She sewed as she spoke, and now delivered the gloves and the advice to him with a good-natured smile. "Go along, now," she said. "Don't drink too much Mai-bohle. And if she takes you, I will teach her to cook." Tegeler laughed as he went off to his room.

It seemed the morning would never end. He wrote his letters, he strolled out under the fresh green of the horse chestnuts that bordered the street; he walked in the Schlossgarten, but the time dragged on his hands. All the fears and hopes of a lover seethed in his honest young heart, yet even amid this tumult of feeling the prick of conscience touched him every now and then with the memory of his hard-fisted, cross-grained uncle who had

beaten him as a child, disowned him as a boy, it was true, but who had, nevertheless, left him a competence when the old miser could use it no longer.

"I'll put up the handsomest cross I can find over his grave, and buy the place in perpetuity," Tegeler promised himself as a salve to his conscience.

The little party was to meet at the station, but the young savant's impatience took him there a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. He strolled up and down in the great red waiting room where the passengers huddled; for there is no trespassing on the platform allowed in a German station. Tegeler bedeviled the fat official at the door with questions, tormented himself with doubts of his punctuality, and imagined that every impossible accident under the sun had befallen his friends before the Behrs, with Von Pritzelwitz in tow, walked in as the clock struck the hour.

"Hi, Tegeler!" called the doctor, "I wish you were always as punctual at lecture time. Have you waited long?"

The young professor blushed and stuttered out some sort of answer between his greetings to the ladies and his envious recognition of Pritzelwitz, who, for some inscrutable reason, seemed surprised to see him.

"I hardly hoped you would be able to join us to-day," said the lieutenant, with such an ill grace that even Gretchen, to whom the animosities of her suitors were an abiding amusement, felt annoyed at the rudeness, and answered for the civilian.

"I'm sure I don't know why you are surprised, for I certainly told you he was coming. Professor Tegeler is too polite to break his word to a lady;" and she flashed a smile upon the solemn young scientist that set his heart dancing and put any uneasy doubts of the propriety of his conduct completely out of his head.

"Rehmagen, Durlach, Aulendorf," shouted the blue-coated train despatcher, and the party hustled off and filed into a second-class coupé. Von Pritzelwitz blushed and stammered, "Herr Doctor, I—I am fearfully sorry.

I know it is a silly regulation, but you see I am in uniform ; I shall have to travel first class."

Frau Behr was up and out of the coach in a minute, in spite of her huge bulk.

"Certainly, certainly !" she panted. "How foolish of August, an officer and in uniform, of course. August, get out immediately and change the tickets !"

Dr. Behr climbed down with a very disgruntled countenance.

"This comes of running after poverty stricken nobility," he grumbled, as he trotted off. "Nobody travels first class but princes and fools."

Poor Von Pritzelwitz went on interjecting deprecations and excuses into the flow of the old lady's talk. He felt his face as red as the edging of his military collar, and he cursed the custom that had induced him to put on his uniform for such an occasion. He, too, had determined to try his fate to-day with Fräulein Gretchen, for he had received orders that would take him off to the confines of Lithuania within a fortnight. Some home letters had brought him news of his rival's good luck as well, and he felt therefore that there was not a moment to lose. Yes, his evil star was certainly in the ascendant to-day.

Just as the train began to start, like some newly awakened Leviathan, the doctor hurried back with the tickets and they ensconced themselves in the solitary grandeur of the plush-covered first-class coach.

Frau Behr, who had ambitions as vital, if less lofty, than those of the title-hunting American mother, took the young lieutenant under her maternal protection, and, to his great chagrin, she so completely absorbed his attention that he could only look across longingly to the other window, where the two savants were making merry with the girl between them.

Pritzelwitz answered at random as the weighty lady at his side dived into her family history to explain her connection with the noble house of Uberhorst, "and of course everyone knows who they are." Pritzelwitz had not

the remotest idea, but he assented all the more heartily on that account.

"When would the old woman leave him free to cut off the flirtation of that lank dog of a civilian ?" he wondered.

The little village whither they were bound stands on a hillside overlooking a tiny valley, where the green meadow grass is full of tall daisies and harebells and the foamy pink cuckoo flowers stand high among the young wheat. The fields overflow the narrow lowlands and mount the base of the foothills to the Black Forest in long strips of brown and faint green, prettily contrasting with the deep-toned woods that cap the rising ground and spread away into the tumbled mass of mountains beyond. This is a great place for painters, and as the little party walked through the afternoon stillness they passed easel after easel set up among the pear trees or by the roadside, where artists labored to fix the tender beauty of the year's youth as men have labored in vain, since the days of Greece.

The air was soft and warm and sweet with the breath of the fair growing things around them. Gretchen was delighted with the whole world, and as she ran afield to pick the wild flowers her joy and her youth overflowed in snatches of old songs that she lit in a clear, sweet soprano. "Es fangen die Weiden zu bluhren an," she sang. And the musical professor answered, "Jubele, mein Herz." Soon she, her father and her lover were all deep in the mysteries of "See, there sits a fly on the wall" or laughing over "I wish it were always Monday."

Pritzelwitz was disgusted. By some inscrutable freak of destiny he, born a German, had no perception of tune; he could, it is true, tell the difference between "Oh, mein' liebe Augustine" and the national anthem, but that was the whole extent of his musical attainments ; so he marched along by Gretchen's side mum as a fish, but not nearly so cold-blooded.

"Why don't you sing, too ?" queried the little beauty.

"Ah, Fräulein, because no joy could be greater than listening to your sweet

voice alone," he answered, and felt justly that he had scored a point.

Their inn was half way up the hill on the other side of the village, and before they reached it Gretchen was laden down with a huge bunch of wild flowers. "You shall see," she said, as they entered the hostelry, "how prettily I will decorate the table with them."

The quaint parlor of the inn had tiny casement windows that looked down over the fertile valley and over the gabled roofs of the village, where the storks were already seeking their nests. On the walls hung the regulation lithographs of the Grand Duke and his beautiful wife, flanked by startling colored prints of the adventures of the prodigal son—a small-waisted young gentleman arrayed in yellow trousers and a full-skirted green frock coat, who appeared to be much enamored of some ladies in blue and pink crinolines. Gretchen and the two young men were attracted by the staring colors.

"Look!" cried the girl. "Did you ever see such a figure!"

"Yes, many a time on the parade ground," replied Tegeler. "A man has to be a soldier before he would wear his stays so tight."

Pritzelwitz bowed ironically. "I am glad to hear a civilian call fortitude a military virtue," he said. "But notice the antiquated fashion of the prodigal's hat! And I'm sure that even you, Herr Professor, will acquit the army of owning this particular dandy. He is too much out of fashion."

Tegeler said nothing; his wits were troubled by a false shame over his poor dress; after all, his hat really was nearly as old fashioned as that in the picture. But Gretchen loved him, and, in her ardent partisanship, she felt angry with the lieutenant and judged him the aggressor.

"What makes you so ill-humored?" she asked. "You cannot even take a joke to-day."

"A joke, Fräulein?" poor Pritzelwitz stammered.

"Gretchen," called her mother, "come help brew the May punch!"

Gretchen tripped off and left the two angry rivals to keep each other com-

pany. Pritzelwitz was the first to speak.

"I wish to offer my condolence," he said sarcastically. "No doubt the loss of your relative must have been a keen grief to you."

Tegeler was shocked out of all self-command. "How did you know? When?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is no mystery," the officer replied. "My sister was your grand-uncle's next neighbour; I heard this morning. It was an astonishment to see you at the station."

Tegeler pulled himself together with effort. "I, too, have condolence to offer," he remarked. "Schurz tells me you are billeted for the north. It is a pity you leave so much behind you."

"See here, Professor!" the other interrupted, "evidently we are here for the same purpose. We both want to marry the girl."

"Fräulein Gretchen!" corrected Tegeler.

"Very well; Fräulein Gretchen, if you will. Anyway, we both are here to propose to her, and we both have a little something to conceal. Your fortune is not large enough to cover your unconventional behavior in Frau Behr's sight; she's all for the army and a coat of arms," he laughed, cynically.

"And Dr. Behr might object to a marriage that robbed him of his daughter, while it condemned her to life in a frontier garrison," interrupted Tegeler.

"Don't be didactic now, my dear fellow," the lieutenant continued. "Let us strike a bargain; I will not tell on you if you keep the secret of my change of base; and as for the proposal, let us toss up a coin, as the English do, and decide that way who is to enjoy the first chance." Suiting the action to the word he drew a mark from his pocket. "Now, if the emperor's head comes up I will have undisputed right to the girl's society until we walk toward the station, then you take your turn. If, on the other hand, the eagle comes on top I mount guard over the old people until we start home."

Tegeler felt the impropriety of the proceeding, but his tremulous anxiety to gain the ear of his love to-day was

so great that he acceded to the proposal.

"Done!" cried the officer, and the silver mark spun round and fell again into his open hand. He looked down. "Bravo! The emperor is on the side of his army!" he exclaimed. "Now remember your contract! I am going into the garden to help brew the May punch."

Tegeler looked after him as he went clattering off to join the ladies, and the professor's heart was heavy. "Of course she will say yes," he thought. "Not even Gretchen will refuse to be Freifrau when he asks her."

"What in heaven's name are you doing here?" queried Dr. Behr's hearty voice from the doorway. "Come out in the garden, boy, and breathe all the open air you can in your holiday. You must be through laughing at the lithographs by this time."

The professor followed his chief into the walled garden behind the inn, where tables and benches were divided from each other by flowering bushes growing in formal rows. There were some groups of respectable people sitting about, well-to-do farmers and their families, or middle-class burghers like themselves from the neighboring town.

The two professors sauntered up and down the walks, while Dr. Behr talked in a leisurely fashion of their mutual interest, and Tegeler racked his nerves trying to catch scraps of Gretchen's conversation that floated off on a tide of laughter.

Frau Behr was absorbed in brewing the May punch, golden and clear, a mixture of Rhine wines, lemons and sugar, in which the whorled leaves and the little white star flowers of the May-wort floated invitingly. What the mince pie is to the American, and the plum pudding to the English, this May drink is to the German housewife; all glory be to her who blends the many ingredients and the spicy flavor of the wild flower with perfect success.

It seemed an age to Tegeler before they all sat down to the table; yet he choked over the asparagus, and, for all the pleasure it gave him, Frau Behr's punch might just as well have been

composed of vinegar as of good wine, for Gretchen would not look at him. She appeared completely absorbed in her little lieutenant, who rattled on about the last court ball and the "artists' festival" with a lightness that Tegeler ascribed to a pleasant certainty of his position. He was the hero of the occasion. Frau Behr beamed on him with the proprietary glance of a prospective mother-in-law, and even the kindly doctor neglected his colleague while he listened, for the soldier had a knack at story telling.

Tegeler cursed the foolish bargain that kept him silent; he cursed the standing army, the lieutenant, himself—everything and everybody but the girl whose coquetry was the cause of his unhappiness. As for Gretchen herself, she was about as angry a little maiden as could be found in the whole Grand Duchy. She felt that she had shown him all the preference possible without loss of womanly dignity, and she was no less astonished than mortified at his evident withdrawal from her society. "To be turned over to that little monkey of a lieutenant, after I had been—well, as sweet to him as I dared!" she reflected, and her annoyance brightened her color, and made her pretty eyes flash in such close imitation of delight that Pritzelwitz felt himself in sight of her fat dowry, and the young professor hung his head in conscious defeat. At last even Dr. Behr noticed his dejection and asked if he were ill. "Not at all, not at all, thank you," he answered. "I'm only a little depressed."

Frau Behr looked across the table reprovingly. "It is a bad habit to indulge humors," she said; "a happy temperament must be courted before it is won. Look at Herr Von Pritzelwitz! He makes any party brilliant by his good spirits."

"My dear madam, you overwhelm me. Indeed, I shall run away if you say any more," interposed the soldier. "Fräulein Gretchen wants to see the lilacs down at the end of the garden. May I not make her wish an excuse to hide my blushes."

"Go along with you!" laughed the

old lady contentedly, for things were developing splendidly from her stand-point.

As Gretchen arose she hung back a moment and looked inquiringly into her lover's face. "Surely," she thought, "if he cares he will come now." But the poor professor raised his head and only answered her invitation with a dumb gaze full of grief and unutterable love. Nevertheless he did not move; so Gretchen walked away more heartsore and puzzled than ever.

Frau Behr's voice boomed on like some great beetle in the dusk as she chanted Pritzelwitz's praises, but Tegeler's attention wandered, for his whole imagination was occupied with the two young figures sauntering away over the fallen pink chestnut flowers that carpeted the earth about them. Of course Pritzelwitz would ask her now, and, after the false position in which Tegeler had placed himself, he had no hope. "Who could help contrasting his agreeable chatter with my own heavy silence?" he reasoned. "The Herr Doctor saw it, her mother saw it—anyone could see what an oaf I am outside of my profession." Tegeler would have liked to kick himself if the operation had been feasible.

Suddenly he felt a violent dig in his ribs, and awoke to his surroundings just in time to hear Frau Behr say: "Were you asleep, Professor Tegeler? I have asked you twice how your good grand-uncle is."

The professor stared stupidly for a moment, then the doctor's elbow nearly knocked the breath out of him a second time. "I beg your pardon!" he gasped. "My uncle is dead—he's doing as well as could be hoped under the circumstances."

"Indeed!" replied the lady, a little mollified. "We did not know he was ill."

"He isn't!" blurted out Tegeler, as the figures of the girl and the soldier moved toward them through the twilight.

"Is the boy mad?" exclaimed Frau Behr. "If there is nothing the matter with your uncle, what do you mean by 'as well as could be hoped'?"

"I'm sure I don't know," responded Tegeler miserably, realizing the snarl into which his untimely abstraction had tied him.

"I would like to know—" began the old lady, when the doctor came to the rescue. "How time flies!" he exclaimed; "we will not have more than just enough for a walk to the station before the train leaves. Hurry up, you two!" he called to the distant figures. "We will have to start for home in a few minutes. Come on, Tegeler, and help me settle with the landlord!"

So, tucking the young fellow's arm in his, he hustled him off, remarking in an undertone: "Retreat is your only safety at present. There is nothing my wife hates so much as an inattentive audience."

When they returned, the ladies were quite ready; but a kind of cloud rested over the party. Frau Behr was out of humor; Pritzelwitz was silent; even Gretchen had a reserve in her manner that was as much out of character as repose in a kitten. As for poor Tegeler, he gave himself up to despair; but he had extracted a sort of courage from his hopelessness that made him determine to tell her he loved her, even though it might cost him the poor comfort of seeing her in future as another man's wife. As they passed through the tunnel-like entrance to the garden he stepped up boldly and offered her his arm.

"Come with me, Fräulein," he whispered. "I have something I must tell you, even though there is little use in speaking now."

Gretchen laid her hand on his arm, and they soon dropped behind the others. The young May moon was beginning to win the world from the dying daylight, and all the sweet odors of spring perfumed the evening air; somewhere in the lilac bushes a nightingale was singing a sleepy, broken song. Tegeler tried to speak, but his throat seemed as dry as if he had been running a race. He could not have articulated a sentence for the life of him.

Although Gretchen was too thoroughly womanly to be ignorant of the

impending crisis, her feminine instinct assisted her self-control and enabled her to talk as usual. Besides, she had no element of uncertainty to paralyze her tongue, for, though she was angry, and intended to punish the professor for his laggard love-making, she knew perfectly well that she would accept him at last, in spite of "mamma" and the Pritzelwitz quarterings.

"Mamma took me to your lecture on Goethe," she observed, as they threaded their way down the village street. "I listened to all you had to say, but I do not like him as much as Schiller, nevertheless."

"Naturally, Schiller is the poet of very young people," Tegeler replied, absently, for his mind was too full of her to give room for the spinning of compliments or literary discussions.

"Perhaps," she retorted, with spirit, "youth is one of the faults that cures itself; but I do not see why people's judgment about poetry should be better when they cease to feel its power."

"Good heavens, Fräulein! Do you think I don't feel any more?" queried Tegeler. "Let me tell you, Gretchen—"

"I don't want you to call me Gretchen," she replied, hotly. "And I don't want you to tell me anything, either. Besides, I was not saying anything about your feelings. I don't know and I don't care anything about them."

They had climbed the hillside now, and were out in the open fields, where the flowers looked colorless and ghostly in the waning light. Tegeler wheeled round and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"I know you don't care, Gretchen," he said, as the ocean of his love swept away all embarrassment. "I know I'm no more to you than the stones in the road; but you must hear me; I must tell you I love you dearly, even if you have accepted Pritzelwitz. Of course he had first chance; that was my luck; though probably you would not have said yes to me anyhow. I'm such a dull fellow I cannot put it into fine words, but when you are the lieutenant's wife I want you to remember that I love you better than life, and shall love you as long as life lasts."

His hands dropped to his sides, and he stood looking down at Gretchen, who was making patterns in the dust with her parasol.

"Is that all you have to say?" she queried, at last. "What is it you offer me—a sub-professor's home and a little love—is that all? Have you nothing to say against your rival?"

"That is all, dear, except that it would not have been a little love," he answered. And he turned and looked down the moonlit valley with unseeing eyes.

"Yes, it is a little love only; if you had really cared, you would never have left me completely to the lieutenant's mercy all afternoon," she retorted.

"But, Gretchen, we—I—Oh Lord! How am I to explain without telling you everything? I came here to-day to propose to you, so did he; we were in each other's way, and—well, dear, we made a sort of a bargain, each to let the other have a fair chance; his came first and I had to stand to my word."

She looked at him shrewdly.

"Had you any hold over him?"

"Why, what are you thinking of?" he replied.

"Has he any hold over you, then?" she asked again. Tegeler looked at her a moment. "Yes, he has, Gretchen. I cannot lie to you. I did a very unjustifiable thing, because I could not bear to give up seeing you, and he, like an honorable fellow, promised to keep my secret. If you had cared, I should have told you all about it. But now the story would annoy you for nothing. Why do you want to know it?"

"Well," she said, "only that when I refused him, and he began to abuse you, I told him you were the noblest, most true-hearted man I knew. Then he said you were not too warm-hearted to come off on picnics when your relatives were hardly cold in their graves, and I told him he was telling an untruth; and, anyhow, I don't care, Ernest—I don't care what you did—I love you!"

He had his arms around her in a moment, and somehow, with the May moon and the spring night to help him, he made her understand how the fear of

losing her had induced him to dare the possibility of discovery and the pricks of self-reproach. It was her love he talked of, her love and his happiness, and, in his great relief and joy, he forgot all about the house in Prussia that might be called a castle at a pinch, and the change his inheritance would make in his income.

"Ernest, dear," she whispered at last, "who was the poor dead person? Was it your brother, as he said?"

"Never had a brother, beloved; it was my grand-uncle; he was not kind to me while he lived, but he has left me a fortune, poor old fellow! Thank God, I will be able to go to your father with full hands! To think you love me, you really love me!"

Gretchen smiled happily. "Well, that settles mamma, at any rate," she said. "I shall try to be sorry for the old gentleman to-morrow. I'm too happy to-night even to sympathize with myself for loving such a dear, scientific, unpractical donkey as you."

When they reached the little gray station Frau Behr was in a state of ruffled anxiety, like that of some old hen whose chicken has gone astray. "Gretchen, my dear," she expostulated, "I'm astonished; to lag so! As for Professor Tegeler, it seems to me he should have reminded you of the hour. Your father was looking for you everywhere. August! August! they are here," she called, and waddled off to find the doctor.

Pritzelwitz turned and faced the two

tardy ones. "Well!" he said, looking at Tegeler with an insolent stare: Gretchen felt the muscles in her lover's arm stiffen under her hand, and she instinctively stepped between the two men.

"Well!" she repeated, mocking the soldier's drawl, "you overreached yourself when you tried to injure your rival. Perhaps it never occurred to you that I might question Herr Tegeler about his family, and find out he never had a brother. Congratulate us! Your slander fell harmless and we are engaged."

"Lieber Himmel! what are you saying?" gasped Frau Behr, behind them. "A man who goes to picnics when his relatives are hardly cold!" Evidently the officer had been busy on the road homeward.

"But, mamma," interjected Gretchen, with filial tact, "his grand-uncle left him a fortune."

"Hm — ha — well — that changes things," said the old lady. "No one could expect him to be very sorry he came into a fortune, you know."

But Pritzelwitz turned off with an oath and climbed into a first-class carriage alone.

"Good, very good!" said the doctor. "Let him go; we are well rid of the popinjay; now we can travel like honest Germans. Come along, my children!" And he mounted the steps of a second-class compartment, in which they rolled back to Carlsruhe through the spring night.

VARINA ANNE JEFFERSON DAVIS.



## AS THE WATER HATH.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,  
And these are of them."

A PRETTIER spot could not be found about Mobile than Colonel Clayborne's home, a great high - pillared old mansion resting peacefully amongst its orchards, gardens, and its double belt of magnolias completely encircling the domain.

Although he had grown gray beneath its white walls, Colonel Clayborne had never ceased to be charmed by the quietness and simple grandeur or enraptured by the solemn beauty of "The Magnolias"—for generations the pride of that illustrious name. He himself was one of Alabama's strongest men. Marvelously had he retained his vigorous manhood, but to-day he rode slowly home, listless, drooping, and grieved to the heart.

"I came to you for advice, knowing you to be a conservative, straightforward man," his young friend had said. "I am overwhelmingly in debt," and the likelihood was that the prospects of a better day would never come. The colonel had said "You should endure any hardship rather than run the risk of incurring financial obligations that you are not sure of being able to discharge. Honesty and common sense demand such a course."

Then he had endeavored to put new heart in the boy—to inspire him with the belief that, if he would pay as fast as he could, honesty of purpose and industry would prosper the work of his hands. "Oh, if I could but look every man squarely in the face as you can, colonel, I'd give half the years of my life," he had said as they parted.

Ah, how little we know about people and what they have suffered. He was sick at heart, poor old man, feeling how much more triumphantly he could have borne the fact, as sad as it was, than this sweet trust and delicate compliment to his noble behavior. The words hissed in his ears and stung him incessantly. They accused, they con-

demned with pitiless iteration, and yet there were instants when he knew himself guiltless of all the wrong of which in another sense he knew himself guilty. "Securities, loans, trusts," he mused. In his room he renewed the battle within himself that he had fought on his way home. His financial obligations all arose, painted in vivid miniature.

"This place and its belongings would set me straight with the world. But no," he reflected, sorrowfully. "Helene, my child." He had for a moment thought of admitting it to her, but at once an intangible, shadowy feeling of self-disapproval possessed his mind. He was full of vague, regretful helplessness. He seemed to have lost his grip upon himself—the grip which had distinguished him from the mass and made him unlike the generality of the world. He sat with bowed head and drooping eyelids—thinking of Helene in all her rich fullness of life. Involuntarily he turned toward the picture of her mother, who years ago had passed away into the infinite. He stretched out his arms in his forlorn loneliness, and broke the silence of the room by a despairing call, imploring her to come back to him.

Did her head lean forward and her eyes grow tender in answer to his longing?

"My dear one, my lost one, I would have your approval of my guidance of our child. She has filled the home with warmth and fragrance, and with her growing life mine became more tolerable and tender. She has grown in freedom that her spirit might develop as nature willed. She has been aided, never forced or stunted. She is strong and upright, she is loving and pitiful, and, oh, so sweet a sight to my old eyes." His heart filled with a sudden rush of emotion as he called her "motherless and homeless," just to see how harsh it would sound.

"Dear papa's come," said Helene's

rich, joyous voice, as she tripped lightly in, her bright face all aglow as she bent her pretty head for her kiss. Her fearless hand smoothed the withered cheek, and a suffused look in the faded eyes above it was the equivalent of a flash of joy in a youthful face. The curtains were holding high carnival, and pleasant odors stole in from the garden and the fresh fields and fragrant woods. Helene, dropping upon a floor cushion, gave one long sigh of pure delight, rejoicing in the wood scents and wood sounds, the trembling lights and shades that danced in the open wide windows. The fair, vague hopefulness of June was in her heart. Like June, she was glad in her youth and strength, and full of eager wonder at the beautiful life about her. Her sensitive soul quivered like the tender leaves of young alders.

The father watched her—lovely and warm as the sunshine, full of response, variable on the surface because of her many girlish moods, but brave and steadfast at heart, and looking with such large, wondering child eyes at life. This was as harmonious as any song without words.

The shadows in the corners grew deeper—daylight went down.

Colonel Clayborne was thinking of young Andrews—a fine, rich, well-born man, and looking anxiously across the luxury of the room he gravely began, "Helene, Jack Andrews has told me of his love for you; has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Oh, papa," cried Helene, opening wondering eyes, "you frighten me when you say wife. I am so happy, let us not even hint at bringing anything new into our lives. Take it back, and let me feel like the glad child you have always known." And he saw her soft, wet eyes and clasped hands, and wondered at the pleading voice.

"I will, and never say it again."

Helene pressed her warm cheek against his, and caressed his old hands that lay listless and fatigued on the carved oak arms of the chair. He only smiled, and by the silent might of his will controlled the questioning, uneasy

spirit. He longed to rest, indefinitely rest. He looked weary and pained.

"Your hair seems whitening so fast," said his daughter, smoothing it with her hand.

"Winter is coming on—the time for snows," he said, very gently, with a singular smile.

"No, that is not it; something is hurting you now, don't attempt to deny it." She looked at him, questioning the gloom on his face.

He only shook his head, thinking, "She is only a child, with all her cleverness—only a child still."

Full of comprehension and sympathy for her lifelong comrade, Helene refused to take his silence.

"I shall never be satisfied until I know your trouble—am sharing it with you. Tell me everything," she implored.

"My brave little girl," began the father, hesitating and troubled. He had not meant to tell her, but his reticence and his careful plans vanished, and his overburdened heart poured itself out before her, as in a still and safe confessional.

"God help us," he exclaimed, at length, with touching pathos, throwing up his head as if to draw a freer breath.

A certain sense of helplessness swept over Helene; then a tremendous tide of daring rose in her breast. Her womanliness conquered. She gave a little trembling sigh, and with it left the fair fields of childhood, where she would fain have lingered still. With timid and reluctant step she set out upon unknown ground. The path might lead to an enchanted land—to a larger life, but she knew she was turning away forever from something very pure and sweet, and her heart was full as she spoke.

"Papa," stretching both her hands toward him in eager, honorable haste, "let us sell 'The Magnolias' and begin life afresh and out of debt."

"Helene!" There was a startled expression in the old colonel's face.

"Satisfy its demands and let us go away—far away."

He looked wistfully at the eager face.

"Where should we go?"

"Out into the great world."

"Face it without money, without friends?"

"That's the way brave hearts look," she said with seriousness, "straight into its face."

"And what should we do?"

"Something—willing hands may always work. I should try very hard to make for us something like a home." Her direct, loyal, simple words made her a marvel now.

"It is useless to oppose fate—it has left you only me, and the years that shall make me more of a woman shall prove the strength and faithfulness of my love."

As she said this the fetters of years seemed to drop from his soul. This offered him the release which he now knew he had longed for. He already seemed bidding farewell to his home—dear home. He gave a slight start. He could not speak; his heart was full, his eyes were full. The soft night wind blew in through the magnolia leaves, and their rustling seemed the expression of profound repose and endless content.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everyone in Mobile knew that "The Magnolias" was to be sacrificed. Many friends, full of helpless sympathy and respect, admired the noble dignity and manliness of the old planter and soldier.

"Poor Helene! to think of her spending her days in toil and poverty amongst the great wilderness of human hedges. She was entitled by birth and association to be ranked amongst gentlefolk," they had said.

The old home was so very dear to them as the time for leaving it approached. The wind had already begun its fall symphony in the trees, and they were to give possession in October.

Helene lingered out amid the few remaining flowers, ministering to their needs as if they were human friends. The air was cool, yet soft with the haze of September. There came through the bay road the man from the

East who now owned "The Magnolias." The carriage wheels made a sound of gentle melancholy as they rolled on innumerable fallen russet leaves.

In the late afternoon he passed back down by the meadow land. Helene was murmuring soft speeches to Christian, her horse, and throwing her slender arms around his great white neck, crying aloud—because she was young and grieved, and because the young cling to something they love for the mere comfort of clinging.

He looked kindly at the sobbing figure in its attitude of unrestrained grief. But the young thing, so absorbed in her own sorrow, her cheek close pressed against her consoler, heard not the passing of the stranger.

"Don't despair, little girl—crying is not really worth while. I should like to help you if I could," he thought, and Palmer Leigh went on his way, leaving her to sob out her woe in the heart of the solitude.

Two weeks more, and the change came. Colonel Clayborne took leave of the plantation, and with a few solemn words commanding all that he left—his graves—to God he turned from "The Magnolias" toward the North.

As for Helene, one would have thought that it was a new and glorious world which she was going forth to conquer; she had such a radiant, glowing face; she felt an impulse which was not happiness—but whatever was worthier and better in life than happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas was soon coming in; the snow that had begun to fall softly and quietly about the middle of the forenoon had steadily increased, until now it spread a white blindness everywhere. In the large, brilliant shops there was abundant crowding—eager people hurrying hither and yon in pleasant quest of "a merry Christmas to you."

Two tired saleswomen paused a short time at their noonday rest.

"I am in great trouble, Helene; but I won't go back there, even if I lose my place," she said, hoarsely.

"Why, what's the matter, Alice," and the other sat down opposite her and bent sympathetically forward.

"The Whitings have sent down to have some one go out to decorate their tree. They wished the same one that was sent last year—had forgotten her name, but she was very artistic. Forgotten her name, indeed; when I went to school with Margaret Leigh before she married that rich speculator. Yes, we were dear friends in those old, prosperous days; now she doesn't know me. Why she actually gave me some extra change. She said she always liked to help poor working girls—they were so ill paid." Her voice quivered pathetically—she tried to control it.

"I left the money lying upon the piano. Oh, I can't bear the idea of going back there again."

"I wonder if they would not let me go in your place," said Helene in a voice singularly gentle and unaffected.

"You are so good and daring. But suppose they should hurt you? That would spoil the little Christmas I expect to have." She put her handkerchief under her veil.

"I am willing to risk it, Alice, for your sake; besides, I do so much enjoy making pretty sights for children's eyes."

"So did I once, but when I think of the colorless life of my little brother and sister it makes me hard, bitter. And to think how I used to love the world; that hurts me, too." The tears fell down upon her hands behind her veil; she no longer wiped them. Helene did not know that Alice's father had once suffered a grievous wrong at the hands of this man whom she called Mr. Whiting.

"My dear child." She seemed but a child there, with her poor little trouble and pride.

"I could cry, too, if that would do any good," said Helene with sublimity, which, if foolish, was still sublimity.

"Come; we shall see if I may go in your stead." And swinging her hand into the other's, as playmates had done in those careless days—a lifetime ago

—she led Alice back to her work through the snow—as cold as seemed the world's indifference to her fate.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, mamma! Come, see! Uncle Palmer and the pretty lady are trimming the tree," said a young miss, as the person thus addressed arrived at the back parlor door.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Whiting, her eyebrows arching themselves involuntarily; her chin quivered a little as she added: "I shall be proud of his company. I wish him to understand that he is *my* guest."

She seemed to think he would comprehend, but he turned away from her, ignoring her presence; and after a little silent expectance she disappeared, nor did she see her brother any more until he was putting on his coat and hat.

"Where are you going, Palmer?"

"To accompany this young lady home." And together the two stepped out in the night.

The door had barely closed when the sister said, with violent emphasis: "Oh, these ill-bred, shameless shop-girls; their impropriety is positively astounding!"

A just person would have said: "You women are inclined to give to small things too much importance and to underestimate great things. The ideal of maidenhood, goodness, purity, a loving, unselfish heart. That must be the same among all civilized people, whatever the superficial differences of training, and the misconceptions."

Helene had been taught to have no instinctive fear, or even consciousness of men. Her half-boyish comradeship with her father, and her constant intercourse with this man of rare dignity and nobleness of thought, had united to render her perfectly simple and natural to men as to women. Honesty and truth looked out of her maiden heart through loyal fearless eyes.

"Come in and meet my father," she said in a gentle tone of graciousness. "You were so kind to bring me home."

Palmer accepted this invitation.

"Indeed the introduction is not necessary. I am glad to see you again, Mr. Leigh. Come right in." And the old colonel grasped his hand cordially and offered him a chair. "Tell me the news of Mobile and 'The Magnolias.'"

There was a pretty look of astonishment in Helene's eyes; and when the guest had answered all her father's questions she said shyly: "It seems so good to see some one from home. Won't you tell me something of my horse Christian?"

"The finest horse in the place, and my especial pet; so you may know he fares well."

"Tell our friends," she said, as he was taking his leave, "that we are getting on fairly well in our new home, though we often think of them and miss them."

Palmer Leigh looked about the room and saw here and there the simple comforts and necessaries which these two had bought with their slender income. It was a harmonious room; it carried with it a sense of cultivation—but it was all so very different from the luxurious abundance, the tapestry brussels, and the mahogany moldings of "The Magnolias," and he felt the difference with a curious mixture of pity and pride.

"Yes, Mr. Leigh, we both have pleasant work," added the colonel, "and I was never more light hearted in all my life." The soft tenderness that fell upon Helene from his old, fond eyes was beautiful and touching. How he adored her—with the eyes of a child and the heart of a woman—this beautiful heroic soul!

Palmer was touched. He forgot everything but the sight before him. There was something very sweet and beautiful and sad in their brave struggle.

"I am glad they invited me to call again," Palmer said to himself as he sat that night in his room. His eyes were full of a vision. Again he seemed to see a young form clinging fondly to her horse. The delicate profile against the bowed white neck; the hair rippling down over her shoulders like a whorl of gold from a horn of plenty—a

wisp of burnished gilt that coiled and hung about her neck like sprays of golden rod.

"I wanted to take you in my arms and comfort you then. I want to comfort you in future in every sorrow that may bow your dear head. Loving, brave, true heart, you are the one woman on earth for me. I love you! My faith in this love, my comprehension of you, occasion me no self-examination. I must win you for my wife." He dropped to sleep in this mood, and all night long her face before him lived.

The next morning in the breakfast room his sister began her reproof.

"What did you know of that pretty pauper? Who is she? You know that is vitally necessary in well-bred society? Do you know what her father was?"

These words pierced like jagged points, and in his silence a fury of scorn gathered in his heart. There was pride in his fine, emphatic face.

"Margaret, have you forgot—" he stopped for a word, and that saved him from the outrage he had meant to pay her back with.

"I may say that she is the noblest woman I ever met, and that her father is an honest man. What higher tribute could I pay?"

Palmer Leigh lost no time. He saw Helene that night, the next, and the eve of Christmas found a most lovely hope in his heart, for he was with her again. It was a dear and happy time; full of peace and good will and cheer. Multitudes were preparing their homes for the most welcome guest of the year—Helene's had already come. What was sweeter than the quivering charm of her soft, warm lips wishing him a joyous Christmas? They were soon discussing the sweet old story of human love and faith.

"I wanted to tell you—to write and tell you how much I honored you for it," he said of her sacrifice.

"I almost wanted to share your sorrow then, and now I do. I love you. You are so beautiful, and brave and tender. Come with me, Helene. I promise you love, faith, home," and

Palmer Leigh bowed his head, trembling with emotion.

The low sweetness of this tender, strong man's voice, his fine face bending down to her and his hands holding hers were a wonderful revelation to Helene. There seemed to be in her head only a sweet confusion, an immeasurable wonder. And into the face of the man who loved her she answered his sweet words with their ineffable promise, then dropped her head, a great, sweet shyness creeping into her heart.

"Will you trust me with your young life, Helene?" He drew her to his breast, lightly kissing her hair; her face

was hidden and she trembled, but did not seek to escape; she was offering up her pure soul to him in a passion of loyalty.

Taking her fair head in his hands he said: "Heart of my heart, I shall never leave you!" and he kissed her innocent, wondering lips. "Together we shall go back to your South and your 'Magnolias.'"

"Oh, my love, my life!" she cried, and, lifting her slender arms, clasped him close.

A great and perfect gift had descended, like a dove, upon them this holy and blessed Christmas Eve.

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.

## LOVE'S SIGNALS.

Here is a red rose, dear,  
It burns and glows  
Like the swift blood that flows  
Through my heart when you're near.  
Take this red rose  
And keep it, dear.  
It resting here  
Our tender secret knows.

Here is a white rose, love,  
Languid and pale  
As I when we're apart,  
It lies against my heart.  
Take this white rose  
And keep it, love;  
Prize it above  
The red love's pain it shows.

SUE FULLER AYERS.



## A SHADOW ON THE SNOW.

THE clock struck four.

Varia arose and went listlessly to the window; not that she expected any diversion, for she had made that journey from the uncomfortable high-backed chair to the narrow-paned casement many times during the day with precisely the same result of unchanging weariness.

The snow was still falling. It obscured the light of the short winter afternoon and closed the dusk rapidly into night.

Twilight must be dispensed with that day; the only period of the twenty-four hours that redeemed the utter stagnation of Bromfield House by its poetical glamour and illusion of making the gloomy old place seem the still life of the landscape, framed by the unfathomable heavens when the stars slowly revealed themselves in points of quivering fire and the moon strengthened in brilliancy with the deepening of the purple shadows.

Then, only, did the scene become revivified from the mere dullness of the day aspect to the grandeur of the impressive, solemn night.

Varia gazed up into the disturbed atmosphere, where the snow petals crowded and surged so thickly that they seemed poured violently down from some inexhaustible source.

"If I were blind I should not know one flake had fallen," she mused, and turned from the window, because in those few moments the outside world had become blurred from her sight.

A querulous voice arose weakly at the farther end of the large room:

"Why don't you go on reading? Do you think I'm asleep?" and the attenuated figure of an old woman reared itself upon one elbow, peering over the couch with half-blind eyes in the direction of the high-backed chair where the young girl had been sitting.

Varia speedily resumed the seat of torture and took up the neglected book.

"I was reading of the attempted murder when you fell asleep," she said, unwisely, for nothing irritated this particular invalid more than to assume that she ever closed her eyes in slumber.

"No such thing!" she screamed, shrilly. "You've been asleep yourself. I'm not so blind but I could see you nodding, nodding. Go on with the story!"

The girl opened the book, an amused smile curving her fresh young lips, and wondered to herself at the strange choice of this woman for blood-curdling literature in this lonely spot and great, untenanted house. It was growing dark so rapidly that she arose and lighted a lamp that stood on a table close at hand, and, shading it carefully from the eyes of her companion, she read on without comment the shocking details of the sensational story, whose author had evidently determined to make it thrilling at any sacrifice.

The fire burned low on the wide, old-fashioned hearth and the room was all in shadow save the one corner where were grouped the invalid's couch, the reading table and the fair faced young girl in the high-backed chair. Varia was beginning to feel a little eerie when the door opened and a woman entered bearing a tea tray, which she set down on the table, nodding significantly toward the open door, and Varia, knowing that signal meant she was to resign her post and go to supper, quietly left the room. She crossed the hall with a quick, nervous step, feeling a sensation as though about to be seized from behind, and made her way to the comfortable kitchen, where, through sheer loneliness, she had begged the privilege of taking her meals. The table was spread for her with care, but there was no one to serve, old Nancy being the only female domestic, and her deaf husband, Peter, the only male retainer on the premises. The latter was seated

humblly in the chimney corner, his bent form never raising during Varia's stay in the kitchen, but whether he was really unaware of her presence or only deferentially so remained unknown, since his deafness precluded any conversation.

Lengthening the simple meal as far as possible, to gain respite from her watch in the other part of the house, Varia sipped her tea slowly and broke her bread into morsels with deliberate care, reflecting meanwhile upon the change a few days had wrought in her circumstances.

In vivid contrast to this solitary meal arose the vision of what this hour brought to her uncle's brilliant house in town, where her home had been from childhood. The glowing dinner table, alight with colored glass and sparkling silver, the merry faces grouped around it, accented now by the handsome cousin Lorenz, from Russia, who had won all hearts by his whole-souled heartiness and fascinating simplicity. Varia wondered if he missed her as his *vis-à-vis*, for he was always wont to seek her eyes for appreciation during the table talk, and she felt a sudden drooping of her already low spirits as she realized that this exile meant separation from him during the remainder of his stay in America. And she had not even said good-bye to Lorenz—it was doubtful if he knew where she had gone. Yet she had not come to Bromfield House unwillingly. When the letter arrived from this old lady, who was aunt to her uncle's wife, requesting that one of the daughters be sent to bear her company during the holidays, Varia submitted uncomplainingly to act as substitute, comprehending how impossible it was to expect such a sacrifice from either Mabel, Edna or Grace, who were all fairly launched into the midwinter gaieties.

Compliance with the request was considered absolutely necessary, since it was understood that the Bromfield estate was to be a future recompense, together with some valuable jewels that Mabel had long accounted as her own because she was her aunt's namesake. "The old lady is so blind that

she will never know the difference," the prospective heiress had said to Varia, "and mamma has written her that 'Mabel will accept the invitation with pleasure,' so mind you represent me thoroughly. It will be only a few days anyway, until her new companion arrives, so what difference does it make which one of us goes?"

The "difference" was so great from that bright and lively house to this silent and gloomy one that Varia sighed audibly at the contrasting scene her imagination had conjured up, and, having no excuse for tarrying longer, she arose from the table, glanced at old Peter, whose negative attitude entirely discouraged approach, and slowly passed into the wide hall, leaving the door open behind her to light her passage.

A soft radiance illuminated the front of the hall and the girl noticed with surprise that the storm had ceased and the moon was now shining clear and bright. She crossed to the window and looked out. The level fields fronting the house were one unbroken stretch of white, reflecting the moonlight in unobstructed lustre, while the massive stone house stood bare and gaunt, unrelieved by any near shrubbery. At the back was a sort of park, and Varia liked best the rear view, where the trees cast gigantic shadows and made the scenery more picturesque. "It will be lovely to-night from the back windows," she thought, and was about turning when her startled attention was caught by a something outside that had not been there before to-night nor any other night when she had looked from the windows.

*Ha! what was it?*

A moment previously the lawn had been one unbroken sheet of light up to the very porch steps.

*Now there was a shadow on the snow!* The girl held her breath and viewed it with fascinated eyes. It was huge, shapeless, terrifying! As she watched, it moved, swayed slightly like some formidable creature about to spring upon its prey, then seemed to be creeping—creeping toward the front door. Varia fled down the hall, her heart pal-

pitating violently, and paused a moment at Miss Bromfield's door to gather composure before entering. Nancy arose with alacrity at her entrance, having become rather impatient under her protracted vigil, and taking up the tray departed without noticing the girl's agitation, as she stood pale and trembling just within the door.

Miss Bromfield was alert and wakeful.

"So you have come back at last!" she said in a tone of reproof. "You are getting like my last companion, Miss Rosier. She took so long for her meals that I sent her away. Besides, she was a cat—a *cat*—always snooping and mewing! That's one thing I like about you, Mabel; you don't question people's affairs. Come and sit down here while I tell you something."

Varia always experienced an uncomfortable twinge when called by her cousin's name, but just now her nerves were too unstrung to admit of noticing so slight a thing. She sat where she was bidden, wondering to herself what that horrible shadow was doing now, and what were its intentions.

To whom could she give the alarm? Peter was so deaf that to inform him would be to shout it on the housetop, and Nancy was no better adviser, both of them old, inconsequential people.

To alarm Miss Bromfield by the startling intelligence that a gigantic creature of terrifying shape was hovering about her door was out of the question, since her disease was a threatening heart failure, and any severe shock might produce instant death.

"You are a good girl, Mabel," the invalid continued; "and be sure I appreciate the sacrifice you must have made to give up Christmas gaieties in the city for the society of a sick old woman. Realy, I scarcely expected a compliance when I had Miss Rosier write the day before she left. The cat—the cat—she said you would not come unless I held out liberal inducement. Don't speak—I know well what is in your warm, generous heart. You have a better disposition than your mother, Mabel; not so crafty; you

partake more of your father's nature—he is a good man."

Varia heard these encomiums as one in a dream, her mind occupied with the mystery outside and how she was to frustrate its evil intent.

"Now hand me that tin box from under my bed," concluded Miss Bromfield triumphantly, "and I will convince you that those who expect nothing gain much. This is Christmas Eve is it not?"

"Yes," said Varia, in heaviness of spirit, "this is Christmas Eve!"

"Well, then, here is your Christmas gift, Mabel," and the old woman unlocked the tin box with a key that she took from under her pillow. Inside was an inlaid casket, which she took carefully out and opened with slow, reverential fingers, spreading the contents piece by piece across her shrivelled arm and hand.

There was such a blaze of light that Varia caught her breath and for one moment forgot the nightmare weighing on her spirits.

Rare diamonds! so rare and pure in color that even in that subdued lamp-light they shone like stars of fire. The necklace ran a stream of glittering white lustre over the counterpane, like a mountain stream burnished with strongest sunlight, and there were bracelets, ear drops and rings that glowed like eyes of flame as the old lady lifted them one by one and adorned her attenuated fingers and wrists, gloating over the rich mine of brilliancy with intense satisfaction.

"Ah!" she murmured, "what stones! One seldom sees diamonds like these—every one pure as crystal. Did you notice the setting, Mabel? That was my father's own design, as slender as possible, to set off the jewels better. Let me try them on you once."

But the girl shrank back with a feeling of being an impostor, the assurance hourly strengthening within her that this masquerading was an unwarrantable deception practiced upon this woman's diminished faculties. And yet there seemed to be no alternative of duty for her.

One of the drowsy spells due to the

soporific medicine was overcoming the invalid, and she did not insist that her proposition be complied with, as she certainly would have done if fully awake. Her eyelids closed peacefully, and there she lay in hideous old age, bedecked like a bride in the flashing, shimmering diamonds.

There was a slight noise at the window! Varia's heart stood still!

Suppose some burglar were lurking about and caught a sight of that alluring booty spread temptingly in line with the windows! Were the blinds lowered? Oh, for courage to turn around one instant and assure herself that such was the case, for of course Nancy had drawn them according to her usual custom!

But suspense was worse than any certainty, and Varia moved her shapeless head cautiously sidewise and caught one fleeting glimpse of the high windows—uncurtained!

A moment of irresolution, and then she moved swiftly across the great room and lowered one shade with a nervous celerity endowed by the occasion. But she proceeded more leisurely to the other window, for one rapid glance had shown her the outside world in calmest repose, with not the faintest suggestion of any intruder lurking near. So she lingered a moment at the second casement, looking out into the fair night, the slanting outlines of the grand old park trees photographed on the newly fallen snow, and a peaceful stillness brooding over the moonlit scene. Varia forgot her fears of a moment since and was absorbing the beauty spread in wide expanse before her, when suddenly she became aware that there was motion where all before had been motionless. The angle of the house cast a shadow pointed and oblique; that shadow now slowly broadened and developed two hideous suggestions of wings, and then began creeping—creeping toward the window where she stood. Ah! that same horrible shape that had been crouching near the front door!

Down came the blind with a nervous jerk, the heavy curtains were drawn with rapidity, and the girl stood trem-

bling in the middle of the room, almost paralyzed with terror.

What was it? What did it mean to do? Miss Bromfield lay in jeweled state, sleeping calmly as an infant. Should she leave her and cross that great, dreary hall to Nancy and Peter? Suppose the thing should gain entrance through the window! Not for anything would she bare either casement again to see if it were securely fastened.

The clock struck eight.

Varia pressed both hands to her heart, and sinking down on a chair close at hand tried to collect her thoughts. Whatever that revolting shape was it meant evil to the household, or it would not be lurking around like this, awaiting some ghastly opportunity.

It was not an animal, or the contour would have been more clearly defined; and the girl sensibly argued that this shapeless mass must mean a disguise.

Oh, these fatal diamonds! How they glowed and glistened, courting danger from thieves! Should she gently remove them from their conspicuous position and place them in safe hiding? The invalid was too light a sleeper for that to be accomplished.

After rapidly revolving every possible plan in her mind, Varia finally determined that her action must be prompt and courageous. Picking up a large handkerchief, she spread it with such breathless care over the diamonds that the sleeper never stirred. Then she sped across the hall to the kitchen, dashing in upon old Nancy, who was busied about some preparations for the morning, and, laying a hand on each shoulder, spoke rapidly and impressively in lowest tones:

"Let me out through the kitchen door, and bolt it immediately; then go at once and remain in Miss Bromfield's room until I return! In the meantime send Peter to see if every outside door is securely fastened. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes," replied Nancy, somewhat dazed, but accustomed to unquestioning obedience.

"Do exactly as I have said," insisted Varia, with shining eyes and tense lips,

and seizing a shawl from a nail she opened the door and disappeared.

Nancy did implicitly as bidden, with the exception of sending Peter to bar the doors, having performed that act herself earlier in the evening; but she repaired immediately to Miss Bromfield's room, reflecting that Varia must have gone out to meet a lover across the lawn, as seemed quite natural for such a beautiful young girl on Christmas Eve. Meanwhile, across the lawn to the street had flown Varia, with bated breath, not venturing to cast one glance around to see whether she was pursued, knowing that in any case swifter flight would be impossible. She took the direction of the village, which was half a mile distant, although the farmer who managed the estate lived nearer, but the route to his house lay through the park, which of course was inaccessible now.

The night was perfectly still.

No one was in sight upon the level road, as far as the bend, some distance ahead. Oh! if she could but put that curve between her and the great, lonely waste behind, where even now that nameless shadow might be noiselessly gaining on her at every step. But the freshly fallen snow impeded her rapid progress, and her breath was coming in painful gasps, when, hark! the faint sound of distant sleigh bells was borne on the silent air. Ah joy! human help is at hand! Nearer, nearer they sound—dash with a merry triumph around the curve, and with a few more peals are close upon her.

The horses shy violently at the figure almost in their path—the driver pulls them back on their haunches, and a man springs out in the snow, as Varia, with both hands stretched out in mute appeal, the old shawl fallen from her fair head, stands like a statue in the dazzling moonlight, too spent with her toil and terror to utter one sound. But the man, with a low, deep exclamation in Russian, has caught her in his arms and placed her in the sleigh, folding the fur very closely about the shivering, slender form and snow-clogged little feet. He holds her firmly to his side with a strong arm while he entreats:

"Little cousin! Sweetheart! Tell me what is the matter. Where would you go?"

And Varia found voice enough to say faintly in gasps: "Back—to—Bromfield—House—quick!"

So they sped along the way she had plod so painfully, the handsome Russian cousin telling her in low, rapid words how sorely he had missed her, and had come to plead that she would not let him leave America without her, repeating frequently:

"Why did you come here?"

And Varia could not break faith with her uncle's household, and explain why.

"Oh! you have come just in time, Lorenz," she said, as soon as she could control her breath. "There is a horrible thing lurking around the house, and I ran out to secure assistance. Tell the man to drive to the kitchen door, that we may not alarm Miss Bromfield."

In another moment they had reached the house, but could not gain admittance, and Varia rapidly explaining the situation to Lorenz, he put his strong shoulder against the door and burst the slender bar that held it.

Old Peter sat in the chimney corner, perfectly oblivious to the noise, and all the other doors were closed. The girl swiftly led Lorenz across the hall to Miss Bromfield's room. Here they found Nancy strapped to her chair, wrists bound together, and the invalid more dead than alive, her cap all awry, the counterpane disordered, *and the diamonds gone!* A cold draught of air penetrated the room, and Varia instantly discovered that one of the windows was open, although the shade was drawn.

"He just this minute jumped out!" gasped Nancy, "after we heard the bells."

Lorenz cut the cords that bound her, pushed her to the door, telling her to instruct the driver to remain on guard where he was for the present, and going to the open window gave one bound and disappeared. Varia lowered the sash and hastened to the side of Miss Bromfield with a sense of perfect safety now that Lorenz was at the helm; and,

while arranging the disordered cap and bed-clothes, soothed her with low, cheerful words of encouragement, imbuing the old lady with her own courage and confidence in their rescuer. She took the restorative offered and lay passively quiet, her hand clasping Varia's. Presently she drew the girl down toward her and whispered—

"I know who it was!"

"That is good," returned Varia, hopefully. "Now you will be able to identify him when Lorenz hands him over to the police;" and to engage her attention quietly she recounted in a mild way her experience of the evening.

"I might as well have remained in, for Lorenz would have been here anyway," she continued, anxious to disclaim any credit for bravery; "but nothing could be more fortunate than his arrival, for he is both quick-witted and strong, and will know just what to do."

A shrewd light leaped suddenly into the dim eyes of the invalid.

"He is your lover," she said, with a grim smile. "It seems that I am doubly indebted to you, Mabel."

At this juncture, Nancy, who had been reconnoitring the inside premises, with deaf Peter as body-guard, returned with the information that Varia was wanted in the kitchen.

But Miss Bromfield tightened her hold on the girl's hand, and refused to allow her to stir from her side, electrifying them by the strength of her voice, as she said :

"Let them bring in the thief. I know who it is!"

Varia shrank back nervously as Lorenz appeared with the burglar, but her fear changed to dismay at sight of a smooth-faced youth clad in ill-fitting garments much too large, and a countenance repressing more baffled rage and disappointment than shame at the degrading situation.

"Now put those diamonds where you found them!" commanded Lorenz, leading the offender to the bedside, and without a word the youth took from the bosom of a patched blouse the coveted jewels, and threw them in a shining heap within the grasp of the owner's shriveled fingers, which

clutched and placed them under the coverlet.

Then she raised herself on one arm and hissed :

"Ah! you cat—you cat! All your questions and your prying were to some purpose—eh? Yes! You cut your hair and put on a man's clothes; but I should know the touch of your hands and the way you breathe if I were stone blind."

Nancy came forward at this, and peering excitedly into the culprit's face gasped:

"Miss Rosier!"

"You had better see if the jewels are all there," said Lorenz to Varia. At this suggestion the invalid motioned him to remove the thief to a safer distance, while she cautiously inspected each separate trinket herself and pronounced them safely intact.

"Handcuff her! handcuff her and take her away," she urged in a shrill, excited whisper, and Lorenz explained reassuringly that her hands were securely tied and the driver had gone to the village for the proper assistance. He did not add that he had also taken the precaution to send for a physician, but, quietly observing that "one good turn deserved another," he bound Miss Rosier to a chair with the same strap that had been devoted to Nancy's use, which left him free to approach his cousin.

"You have little Varia to thank for this rescue," he said to Miss Bromfield, bestowing upon the girl a look of adoration. "Have you dried the tiny, wet feet, sweetheart? You will—"

"What did you call her?" interrupted the old lady, alert and suspicious.

"Varia, I said. Am I too bold?"

"Aha! aha! I thought Mabel's voice had softened wonderfully. So, so!" chirped the invalid excitedly. "Their nice little trick has fallen through. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Is her mind wandering?" whispered Lorenz, and poor Varia in direst perplexity knew not what to answer. Explanations were saved by the arrival of the constable, who proceeded to question the Russian with a great show of official dignity concerning the capture.

"I found her under this," said Lorenz, lifting a white fur rug from the floor. "She had got as far as the park and lay prone in the snow with this flung over her. But for the footsteps leading up to it, I might have passed by in the shadow of the trees." Then flinging it over his head and shoulders he turned to Varia with a smile.

"This is what made your formidable shadow," spreading out his elbows in holding the corners together. "I presume mademoiselle concluded her uncanny appearance would frighten off pursuit."

"Take her away and hang her!" came hoarsely from the couch, and Lorenz signaled the constable to remove his charge.

During all the time the convicted female had not once spoken; now she addressed herself to Miss Bromfield with deliberation and courage.

"My passage is engaged in a European steamer that sails to-morrow morning—will you let me go?"

"Never! Take her away and hang her I say!" screamed the old woman, gesticulating feebly with her withered hand and the officer hurried his captive from the room.

"I missed this rug from the hall shortly after Miss Rosier left here," quietly observed Nancy, not yet fully able to identify a former inmate of their household with a burglar marched off by a constable. "Throw it out after her!" commanded Miss Bromfield, but as Nancy opened the door in probable intention of obedience, a man walked in, saying in a jolly tone:

"If you are going to throw that away, just throw it at me!"

"Oh, doctor!" groaned Miss Brom-

field, "you're needed. Have you heard what we have been through to-night?"

"Yes, indeed," he responded, "and I really believe it has done you good. Is this the little heroine?" darting a quick, professional glance at Varia's white face and trembling hands.

He poured something in a glass hastily and made her drink it.

"Now take her to bed immediately," he said to Nancy, "and mind you cover her up warm."

Then the doctor attended to Miss Bromfield's case, which was a highly wrought nervous state, threatening serious results when the reaction should occur. He sent Peter for one of the farmer's daughters and himself remained within call during the night, smoking and chatting with Lorenz over the kitchen fire, while the latter awaited the return of his sleigh.

"Plucky little girl, your cousin! Is she your cousin?" he ventured once.

And Lorenz replied: "Only by adoption; but, God willing, she shall hold a nearer relation than that ere long."

Varia was really ill for a few days, but her young constitution triumphed, and she returned to her uncle's house as soon as her strength permitted, leaving Miss Bromfield in an improved state of health, companioned by an impecunious clergyman's daughter, no longer young, and accustomed to many sacrifices. The old lady bade Varia an affectionate good-bye, never referring to her *incognita*, but on her wedding day she received the fateful diamonds, and later, at the owner's demise, found herself the possessor of the valuable Bromfield estates.

SUE FULLER AYERS.



## SARAH POGSON'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

SARAH POGSON'S position in the family of her uncle, Elisha Pogson, her father's brother, was a very unenviable one. They called her an old maid, although she was but twenty-six, and she was despitefully used seven days in the week. But Sarah was not an humble or mean-spirited girl, and she by no means bore abuse and ill-usage with Christian fortitude or exemplary patience. They called her a red-headed old maid and her temper was as fiery as her hair.

There was a great misapprehension concerning Sarah Pogson in the country town in which she resided. Nobody understood her. Everybody was familiar with the uttermost details of her history, but no one in the whole town ever entertained the idea that there was anything romantic or pathetic about it. There was not a soul who displayed the slightest commiseration for her, much less admiration; and there was no one in the town who had the least suspicion that a good judge of feminine beauty could have found anything in Sarah Pogson's looks to admire. Yet the simple facts were these—and they go to prove what queer folks grow in the cold frozen North, and particularly in the State of Maine, where Sarah Pogson dwelt: First of all, Sarah Pogson was a remarkably beautiful girl. Her features were regular and delicate and her complexion perfect. Second, she was born in her uncle's house. Her father, Lewis Pogson, was one of the "Argonauts of '49," and was already in the "gold diggings" when Sarah first saw the light in the old farmhouse where he, too, was born. Sarah's mother continued to receive small remittances from him to the day of her death, which occurred when Sarah was three years old. From that time till she was ten years old the remittances came to Elisha with sufficient regularity to assure the child a tolerable degree of care and consideration. After

that came the sum of five hundred dollars all in one lump, with the information that it might be the last, as the adventurer was about to take some desperate chances, and there was no knowing what would become of him. He had not yet "struck it rich," and was too proud to return as poor as he went. The five hundred dollars was to be put at interest for Sarah. Elisha loaned it to a farmer in the neighborhood, taking a first mortgage on his farm. That was the last he ever heard of Lewis. The thirty dollars that he received with more or less promptitude in semi-annual payments from Lorenzo Spinney, to whom he had loaned the five hundred dollars, was all he had to recompense him for Sarah's maintenance. But then thirty dollars a year for the care of an orphan niece was ample reimbursement to a well-to-do farmer, whose daily menu was only varied with baked beans, fried pork, codfish, mackerel, herrings and the vegetables raised on his own farm; and Sarah, till she was fifteen years old and was pronounced a woman grown, had never known what it was to have a new dress or other new garment; her apparel, up to that time, consisting of her Aunt Rebecca's, or of her Cousin Clarissa's, "cut down." Her first brand new dress was a dark chocolate brown delaine sprinkled all over with a red bouquet of some species of flowers to the botanist unknown. This was made long in the skirt, plain-waisted and buttoned in front, which signified that she was now a grown woman and responsible hereafter for her own conduct.

Wearing this dress she attended a kissing party at Farmer Spinney's, and there met Hugh Gurney, a handsome young fellow, the son of a poor farmer in an adjoining town, who was working his board at Farmer Spinney's and attending the academy near by, where he stood at the head of his class. They were playing a game called the

"Needle's Eye," when Sarah was doomed by the rules and accidents of the play to be kissed by this young fellow. There were people—or, more especially, Lucy Spinney and Alfred Spinney, her brother—who declared that Sarah was determined from the first to be caught in the "eye" and so become a victim to his kiss. This was doubtless Spinney malice. Sarah always said it was. At any rate Sarah—everybody agreed as to that—blushed as red as a peony and looked very sedate while Hugh paid the pawn.

That night, when the company broke up and while the boys were standing in the shadow by the door, offering their crooked arms to the girls as they came from the dressing room in their shawls and hoods, or "clouds," Sarah passed right by Alf Spinney, saying, when he crooked his arm and murmured "Kin I see ye hum?" "No, thank you, I'm not at all afraid to go home alone," and the next moment she had passed her red-mitten hand through another young fellow's "crook," and Alf Spinney, to his rage, shame and fury, saw her walking off with Hugh Gurney, and for spite he offered his arm to three other girls in succession, hoping to be able to pass Sarah and Hugh with another girl on his arm, but the others all rejected him and went off with more favored young men, for, in his blind wrath, he had overlooked the fact that each of those to whom he had offered himself had long been "keeping company" with another. By the time his humiliations were over even the second-best girls had paired off, and he was obliged to swallow his mortification and go to bed.

For one year Sarah and Hugh kept company. Then Hugh graduated. He was just nineteen, and went West immediately to fill a position obtained for him by a relative in a bank. And he and Sarah were engaged. He had been gone a week when Sarah received a letter from him. She read it alone in her room. Not a word did she utter as to its contents, or even refer to it in any way, but, oh! how she sang about the old house! For a year the letters came regularly and often, and Sarah

was happy and radiant. Then suddenly the letters failed to come, and Sarah grew troubled, and fretful and despondent. And all this time there was a constant but invisible pressure brought to bear upon her to receive the attentions of Alf Spinney. Her Aunt Rebecca favored his suit, her Cousin Clarissa, some years her senior, openly advised her to "take Alf," her uncle seemed also to desire it, frequently remarking in her presence that "Alf Spinney was a mighty smart young feller, and that the girl that gets Alf wouldn't die in the poorhouse."

Alf was a persistent woer. He had begun his attentions when she was scarcely fourteen years old. His method of courtship consisted in seizing her face in both hands and rubbing her cheeks with his great rough palms till the blood almost appeared, topping off with pulling her ears. Sarah hated him. He was a great coarse, rude fellow, an overgrown, awkward, pimply faced youth, and the older he grew the more offensive and uncouth he became. He had great sledge-hammer hands covered with warts that made her squirm to look at, and his pale-blue eyes had a fixed glassy stare—they were eyes that had in them "no speculation," and when his beard appeared it was a stiff, ugly yellow, a match to his caroty hair. But it was not his personal appearance alone that Sarah considered. The fellow was full of malice and a most unconscionable liar. His whole conversation was full of detraction and ugly reports. He was a walking scandal mill. He had no good word to utter of anyone or anything, not even of his dinner. After Hugh Gurney went away he was persistent in his efforts to supplant him, and boasted in the neighborhood that he would "cut Hugh out and marry Sarah Pogson yet." He would dash up to the Pogson farmhouse in his sleigh with a fine span of his father's horses, and, backed up by the rest of the family, or rather by the female members, do his utmost to induce Sarah to "take a ride," as he called it. Failing in this, he would watch his opportunity and overtake her on the highway and almost force her

into his sleigh or buggy, believing that if he could once induce her to appear with him in public the rest would be easy. He even circulated rumors prejudicial to her character, setting afloat stories connecting her name with his, thinking that she would be obliged to marry him to save her reputation; but in all this he failed. Sarah remained steadfast to her absent lover. But when Hugh's letters still failed to come and the whole family allied themselves in an effort to induce the girl to succumb, every vestige of her former melancholy and despondency vanished.

For several weeks after the correspondence came to an abrupt end the Spinney family were mighty scarce about the Pogson homestead. The old man had been in the habit of dropping in almost every evening, and no freezing treatment from Sarah could deter him from addressing her as "darter," and alluding, with a horrid grin, to the future when she and Alf would get "spliced." But now he, as well as Lucy and Alf himself, refrained from calling in even when passing the gate. As to how they knew that Hugh's letters had ceased was no difficult conundrum to solve. Fink, the postmaster, was Spinney's wife's cousin, and the families were intimate. But it was noticeable to all the family that Sarah's melancholy and absent-mindedness ceased simultaneously with the resumption of Alf Spinney's visits to the house, and they foolishly understood it as evidence that she had become resigned to Hugh Gurney's desertion and was reconciled to Alf. But she never accepted any of young Spinney's attentions. Clarissa Pogson got married, so did Lucy Spinney, and one after another the girls of her own age and set, but Sarah Pogson remained single.

It was the fashion at that time for the girls to do up their front locks on steel crimpers, like big hairpins with a fastener at the end, one on each side of the part. When the hair came off these instruments it rippled down to the ears, and the end was fastened back to the chignon, then called a "waterfall." Sarah abandoned the waterfall and the crimpers, and wore her golden

hair, that the barbarians of the vicinage denominated red, in a great coil at the back of her head, the front combed down smooth and flat and parted in the middle. This, with her now severe and grave demeanor, gave her an old-maidish look in comparison with other young women's crinkly hair, not to speak of one or more bewitching curls, price five dollars apiece, that fell from beneath the waterfall at a greater or less distance down the back. For two years they had been calling her an old maid, beginning a year ahead of time, according to the ethics of the country. But it had been years since anyone had had the hardihood to utter the name of Hugh Gurney in her hearing. She had long ago ceased to be troubled by beaux. Even Alf Spinney, though he was still single, had abandoned his efforts in that direction. There was only one person who ventured the least allusion to the absent one, and this was her uncle. Once in a while, when Rebecca and Clarissa, who now lived at home with her children, for she was a widow, were out of the house, Farmer Pogson would push his chair from the table when the meal was concluded and, with his eyes fixed steadily on the floor, would say:

"Sarah, what be you awaitin' fur!"

Then Sarah would look unconscious, and reply in a surprised tone of voice: "Waiting for, Uncle Lish? I'm not waiting for anything that I know of."

"Yes you be awaitin', Sarah," her uncle would reply. "You be awaitin', an' it's foolish. There hain't no man the good God Almighty ever made that's wuth a girl's waitin' fur like this. You hadn't ought to do it."

Sarah would always have the last word. "I hain't waiting for anybody. I do what I'm a mind to."

That was all. No names were mentioned.

Sarah Pogson's whole sad story was known to everyone, yet no one thought of offering her any sympathy or treating her with any more consideration. In fact no one pitied or could pity Sarah Pogson, and the reason was that she was too "high strung," as they called it, too hot tempered. No one

believed that she ever shed a tear except in a "mad fit," and it is certain she was not meek and lowly, and if anyone offered her an insult or attempted an imposition upon her she would not tamely submit. In short, she was a high-spirited young woman, self-reliant and self-respecting.

When Sarah Pogson turned her twenty-sixth year she was regarded by the country people around her as totally defunct socially, a downright, settled, confirmed old maid, whom no one would marry, except, perhaps, some bald-headed widower with seven children, whom she would not have. Another queer thing: it was said of her that she used to be good looking "when she was young," but that she had faded all out. Yet the fact was she was the only really beautiful woman in the whole town. There were young girls in their teens, with fresh young faces and piquant airs, but there was none among them with regular, refined features but Sarah Pogson. At twenty-six her face was a study for an artist. But she was "a rose born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air." The country folk knew not what beauty was.

It was at this era of her existence, the Christmas Eve following her twenty-sixth birthday, that something out of the usual course of things befel Sarah Pogson. She was looking very sombre that evening, as she did on all anniversaries, perhaps because they reminded her of Hugh. She seldom engaged in the evening chat around the fireside at any time, and on this evening she was more than usually silent. She sat a long distance from the fire, although it was a bitter cold night, and seemed plunged in deep thought. It had been snowing heavily all day, and had cleared off cold at sunset.

"Why don't you set up to the fire," said her uncle, "and not set 'way off there and freeze?"

"Tisn't cold. It suits me," she replied, in those tones that betrayed no gratitude for the old man's tenderness, whatever she may have felt. But it was not the fashion to reveal the possession of any feeling in that section of

the country. The old man, however, did not take her reply amiss, and glanced up at her frequently from the *Weekly Farm Gazette*, observing each time that she was more than usually preoccupied. The rest of the family paid no attention to her. Mrs. Pogson sat knitting and looking into the open fire, thinking over how much money she had made out of sale of stockings, lambs' wool and hens' eggs the past year, and Clarissa, surrounded by her children, was looking at some picture books and talking of the morrow, the company expected, the great big dinner they were to have, and what they hoped they would get for presents. The children had no Christmas tree, and had not been brought up to hang up their stockings Christmas Eve, and had never heard of Kris Kringle, except what they had read of that benevolent individual in books. Such sensible, prosaic people did not teach their children nonsense.

One tall lamp burned dimly on the centre table, but the red glare of the open wood fire illuminated the room with lurid splendor. There were three windows in the room, one at the end overlooking the rear of the dooryard and the L, and two at the side looking out upon the orchard; but there was no view of the road, the room being in the back of the main building. The window shades were up at all of the windows and were never drawn down, summer or winter. Sarah sat back to the fire and facing the side windows, with her eyes bent upon her knitting. She was "toeing out" a pair of stockings for herself; that is, knitting new toes to a pair of old stockings. One long white woolen stocking lay in her lap, and she had just raveled out the toe of its mate, and was taking up the stitches on her needles. It was a clear, starlight night, but no moon, though the snow-covered ground rendered all things out of doors distinctly visible. Glancing up from her work abstractedly, Sarah suddenly started and grasped convulsively at her knitting needles, staring fixedly at the window. At that moment her uncle turning, glanced at her, and perceiving her gaze

fixed so strangely upon the window, turned his eyes in the same direction. Seeing nothing there, he said:

"What's the matter, Sarah?"

The girl turned upon him a face eloquent of suppressed excitement, but quickly replied, in a choking voice, "Nothing," but after knitting two or three times around her narrow work at an extraordinary speed she folded it up, wrapped the finished stocking about it, laid the roll upon the table, lighted her candle and, as unceremoniously as she usually retired, she withdrew to her room without a good-night to anyone.

Hastily placing the candle on the table in the corner of her room she hurried to throw up a window, whispering audibly in her excitement: "I am sure I saw him! I saw his face as plain as day! He looked me fair in the face and darted away!"

She leaned out of the window and searched the snow-covered orchard for a glimpse of a human form; but there was nothing to break the great white monotony stretched out before her. All was still. Every snow-laden tree and every fantastic shadow she studied. Closing the window, with hands and lips blue with cold, she repeated again and again in an excited whisper: "I'm sure I saw him! The firelight shone over his face and I could see it plain, looking into the window!"

It was long before she slept that night. The next morning, when she went downstairs at the usual hour, she met her Aunt Rebecca coming out of her bedroom, which opened out of the sitting room. It was not yet daylight, but a bright fire, already burning in the open fireplace, as well as the candle that each carried, lighted up the room, and the gaze of both was immediately arrested by a long white woolen stocking suspended from the mantelpiece and held in place by the clock, under which it had been tucked, the foot hanging downward. Both of them would have disdained any such weakness as a recognition of the day by an exchange of Christmas greetings. Their usual morning salutation, "Oh, you're up, are you?" Mrs. Pogson, on this oc-

casion, varied with the exclamation: "What's that stocking doin' there?"

"The children put it there, I guess," returned Sarah, carelessly, and hurried on toward the kitchen.

Mrs. Pogson took the stocking down, tossing it upon the table. It struck with a thud. The next moment Sarah and her Uncle Elisha heard her calling:

"Sarah! Sarah! what's this in your stockin'?"

Sarah, followed by her uncle, returned to the sitting room, where she beheld her aunt holding the stocking in one hand and a gold watch and chain in the other.

"What's this you've ben a-buyin' these hard times? Here we are, hardly able to scrape victuals to eat, an' you a-squanderin' what little money you've got on such tomfoolery as this. Who's going to bury ye when ye die, tell me that?"

"Tisn't any of my doings!" cried Sarah, angrily. "Not but that I would have bought that or anything else if I'd had a mind to. What is it? Let me see it! Where did you find it?"

"It was in the toe of your stockin'. Lish, you must a-ben givin' this to Sarah! Clarissa hain't got no gold watch an' chain; but that's nobody's business but your'n."

"I didn't buy no sech thing, but I would though, if I'd a' seen fit. Less see it, Sarah!" cried her uncle, in great excitement. "By mighty, where could it a' come from! That's a Geneva watch, Sarah, and that case is wuth money. Look how thick it is! That's a valyble watch. Where could it a' come from, Sarah? Say, now, honest and true, you hain't used your int'rest money to make yourself this Christmas present?"

"Uncle Lish, you ought to be ashamed!" cried Sarah, indignantly. "My interest money is locked up in my top bureau drawer in the left-hand corner. I was counting it yesterday. It's forty-one dollars. And, anyhow, who says this watch and chain are meant for me?" But at that moment her uncle had opened the watch and excitedly turning it toward her she read

on the inner side of the back cover, "Sarah Pogson, Xmas, '74."

Seeing this, Sarah, with a bright red spot burning in her cheeks and her eyes glittering, seized both the stocking and the gifts, and without a word hurried to her room. She returned in a few moments to the kitchen and proceeded to perform her customary share of the work of preparing breakfast. But it was evident that she was greatly agitated. No further allusion was made by anyone to the strange occurrence of the watch and chain.

In about half an hour they seated themselves to a breakfast of mackerel baked in the oven, with thick cream poured over it just before it was taken out; baked potatoes, fine and mealy; an immense loaf of Johnny cake, a specialty of Sarah's, made with rich buttermilk, eggs, molasses and thick cream, and a gallon pot of coffee, each one drinking two or three cups, and, finally, a piping hot mince pie, made the day before—they never made less than twenty-five pies at a time and baked them in the brick oven. They would have been amazed at the suggestion of making a pie every day, and only one at a baking. The brick oven was only fired up once a week. But these were pies that would stand the test of time, being constructed with a plentiful quantity of "short'nin'."

The meal was eaten in unusual silence, Clarissa's children carrying on the conversation, in spite of their grandfather's frequent but indulgent intimation that "chil'en should be seen and not heard," and that they had "better let their victuals stop their mouths." But the uppermost thought in every mind was, of course, the gold watch and chain and where they had come from. There had been nothing said so far as to how anyone could have gained access to the house. The front door they all knew was locked. In fact, it was seldom unlocked, even to make their egress in their best clothes on the Sabbath Day. The back door was supposed to be bolted regularly every night at nine o'clock, the responsibility for which rested upon Sarah, she having assumed it several years ago. Other

members of the family, her uncle in particular, did, however, sometimes trespass upon her prerogatives in the matter, and the divided responsibility occasionally resulted in finding the door unlocked in the morning, an event generally commented upon somewhat thus:

"Wall! if the door wa'n't left unbolted larst night! What keerlessness! We might 'a' all hed our thro's cut!"

Sarah sat at the breakfast table trying to remember whether she had fastened the door. All at once she recalled her abrupt departure from the sitting room when she thought she detected some one looking in at the window, and turning to her uncle she exclaimed:

"Uncle Lish, did you bolt the back door last night?"

"By mighty! I guess 'twa'n't bolted! I didn't bolt it, did you?"

"No, I forgot it!"

"That's jest it! I forgot it, too; an' come to think, it wa'n't bolted when I opened it this mornin'."

"Then that accounts for—for—it all!" cried Mrs. Pogson, censoriously. "Think of somebody's gettin' into the house in the night time an' my bedroom door wide open to let in the heat. I might 'a' hed my thro's cut! This ought to be a warnin' to you, Sarah Pogson! You're old 'nough to know better! It makes my blood run cold to think of it! A man in that sittin' room an' my door wide open!"

Sarah sprang up from the table with an angry flush on her cheek and rushed away from the table, leaving her pie on her plate, where her aunt had just placed it.

"Oh, come now, Sadie, don't git mad on a Christmas!" cried her uncle. "Come back an' eat your pie. It's golopshus! Look at that!" and he held up a big luscious raisin on the end of his two-tined steel fork.

But Sarah fled from the room without reply, only refraining from slamming the door for her uncle's sake. The latter individual as soon as the breakfast was over surreptitiously followed her to her room. He tried to enter, but the door was "buttoned," and he called out softly: "Sadie, I got somethin' to tell ye! Say," he began, in a whisper,

as she turned the wooden contrivance they called a button, "where do ye think that watch and chain came from, Sade?"

"I carn't think to save my life, Uncle Lish!" returned Sarah, in tones of deep humility, which no one ever heard but him; and he could see that she had been crying, though she tried hard to prevent his discovering it by keeping her back to the window.

"Sade, didn't ye see somebody peekin' in the sittin' room winder larst night? Come now, Sade, own up to your old uncle!"

"To tell you the honest truth, Uncle Lish, I thought I caught a glimpse of—of—somebody, I couldn't tell who—exactly."

"Wall, Sade, there 's a man's tracks under the sittin' room winders an' all down through the orchard to the bars. 'Tain't my tracks. I hadn't ben down there sence it snowed till I foller'd 'em down this mornin'. Now who do ye s'pose it could 'a' ben?"

"I carn't think to save my soul, Uncle Lish, can you?"

"Well, Sade, I wouldn't like to put it on the wrong feller, an' I'm agoin' to see if I kin find out who 'twas."

He went downstairs, and Sarah, a few minutes later, saw him pass out at the back door in his overcoat, the collar turned up and the fur around his cap turned down over his ears, while his steaming nostrils told what the weather was. Soon after a lot of company began to arrive—cousins, uncles and aunts, and Clarissa's late husband's parents—and she went downstairs to help entertain them and assist in getting the dinner. When the feast was nearly ready she went to her room and changed her dress. Her uncle had not yet returned. She and some of her cousins were just putting the finishing touches to the table, and her Aunt Rebecca was just remarking that she guessed they would have to eat their Christmas dinner without Elisha, when they heard the back door thrown open and two men stamping the snow off their feet in the entry.

"Wall, folks, here I be!" cried the cheery voice of the master, "an' Sadie,

I guess you better put another plate on the table. Here 's Hugh Gurney. I guess you recollect him."

Sarah saw the table, turkey and all, whirling around and around the room, her Aunt Rebecca and the rest of the company looking as if they were all in a merry-go-round. She felt dizzy and put out her hand to catch some of the flying objects as they sped past her, for she felt as if she were about to wobble over like a reeling top. What it was that she laid hold of she could not at first make out, but she was very much inclined to hide her face for shame when things got stationary to find she was clinging fast to Hugh Gurney, and that he was also holding fast to her. Then she heard her Aunt Rebecca's voice saying: "Come, let's eat dinner if we're ever goin' to. Everythin' is gettin' cold. Anythin' but a cold Christmas dinner!" Then she heard her Uncle Lish say, "Hugh, you set here side o' Sadie, so 's you 'n her kin talk over old times," and holding fast to one side of the table she seated herself in the chair he had placed for her.

She struggled all during the meal with tears. It seemed as if she must break down in spite of her pride. No one addressed a word to her or seemed to see her excepting Hugh, and she made no attempt to converse. Hugh talked with other people, but scarcely spoke to her except to murmur something in her ear as to what she would have, which nearly completed her overthrow. The meal was torture to her. Several times she doubted whether she was not sound asleep and having one of her many dreams about Hugh Gurney. When the dinner was over she drifted into the sitting room, almost upheld by Hugh, and seating herself by a window she espied her uncle at the front door digging a path. Pretty soon he came in and told her in a whisper to go to her room and put on her things; Hugh was going to give her a sleigh ride.

"It 's splendid sleighin'!" he whispered. "But wrap up good. It 's cold as blazes."

She went upstairs and drew on her

socks—an article of footwear of domestic manufacture, worn over the shoes, knit out of coarse blue yarn and made to reach above the boot tops, but without soles, the latter being provided of leather by the shoemaker. Then she put on a garment that she had had for five years, but still called "my new cloak," an article of apparel which extended to the bottom of her dress and weighed about ten pounds, and over that she threw her "long shawl," which she pinned with two big steel pins connected by a chain, and then she put on a blue worsted, crocheted hood, made in the shape of a Shaker bonnet, padded with cotton batting and lined with blue satin; then next a pair of snow white mittens with crocheted tops, which, like the hood and socks, were of her own manufacture; and thus weighted down with clothing she tottered down the stairs, where she found Hugh Gurney awaiting her in his overcoat. He opened the front door and she found her uncle sitting in the sleigh, which was drawn close up to the front-door steps. He got out as soon as they appeared and gave the reins to Hugh, who tucked her under the buffalo robes and away they sped over the feathery, stainless white snow behind the jingling sleigh bells.

On and on they flew for half an hour, Sarah looking straight ahead and murmuring only in monosyllables; but Hugh talked continually, and his talk was just as if nothing had happened—just as if he had been gone but a day. Sarah was thankful she had no opportunity to speak. She was on the verge of tears every minute. Soon they reached the village and Hugh reined in before a little one-story house next to the church.

Hugh always declared that it was pretty cool in him to take her to the parsonage without saying a word to her about it, and without a word of ex-

planation as to the strange interruption of their correspondence—he said that a hundred times during the remainder of his life—"a pretty risky thing to do with a spunky girl," he would often exclaim, "but it was what your uncle told me to do, and I carried out the program to the letter."

"There'll be plenty of time for explanations during the honeymoon," the old man said; and so there was.

If Sarah had known that she was going to get married that day she would have put on her best dress, though that was the least thing on her mind at the time. She could scarcely get back into the sleigh after the ceremony was over, she was so weak, and the tears were chasing one another down over her cheeks. She hurriedly dried them, however, when, as they came in sight of the little railway station, she beheld her uncle in his red pung dashing up on the opposite side with her trunk in the back.

"Mrs. Gurney, I presume?" he exclaimed, as he came to the side of the sleigh. "Wall, I've packed your duds, marm, though I 'spect I hain't done it right. Anyhow, I grabbed all your good clo'es an' I guess you'll get along. I knew you 'n Hugh wouldn't want to stay here to be serenaded with tin horns and old tin pans to-night. Good-by, Spitfire," he said at parting, "and don't ever abuse your old uncle ag'in."

They took the train to Bangor, where they remained a week, and Hugh explained all about that Christmas present and what it meant that his letters had ceased so suddenly, and Sarah said she suspected the truth all the time—that it was Fink and the Spinneys—and it was that that had given her heart to watch and wait, and the story of Hugh's unearthing the plot as soon as he had money enough to start an investigation would have made a thick volume.

F. BEAN.

## A CURE FOR LOVE.

**T**O be invariably polite and attentive to one's friends is utterly impossible in this world full of business. Such was the abstract deduction of Mr. Walter Hastings when he made up his mind that his proposed journey West could by no means be deferred because his friend Skerrett was coming to New York and would arrive next evening shortly before his own departure.

He hurried home with the letter and told his wife.

"Of course you remember Billy Skerrett? He was at our wedding."

"Do you mean that great, overgrown, uncouth creature who stammered so absurdly when you introduced him?"

"That's the boy! A magnificent conversationalist! But he was afraid of you. He knows he is homely. He thinks women are always ridiculing him."

"So they are! He is hung together like a jumping-jack! And you propose to leave him on my hands for two weeks!"

"Can't help it! I had no idea of being compelled to take this trip out West when I invited him to visit me. But you and grandma can take care of him."

"And we move the first of May!"

"Oh, I shall be home by that time, and I will take him with me to the club till you get settled."

The next evening Skerrett arrived, and immediately after dinner Hastings, accompanied to the train by his wife and guest, took his departure.

The return to the house bade fair to be very awkward, but Mrs. Hastings never stopped talking a moment. By the time they arrived at the Damian, in which building the Hastingses occupied a flat on the third floor, Skerrett had succeeded in looking at her three times.

"You see, we have to economize," she whispered, as they entered the ele-

vator. "That is the reason we live here. We couldn't get any kind of a house for less than three thousand a year, and here we pay only twelve hundred."

Skerrett, emboldened by this bit of confidence, took his fourth look at her, and by that time they had reached the parlor, where they found the elder Mrs. Hastings with some friends.

For the first three or four days the bashful fellow sincerely wished that Hastings had either stayed at home or allowed him to go to a hotel. He felt killed with kindness; but he gradually became a little more comfortable. Mrs. Hastings, thinking all the time how homely and awkward he was, took the most extraordinary pains to entertain him and conceal her real sentiments, her efforts finally achieving the most distinguished success. The great, homely, gawky young man had never been the recipient of so much kind attention and consideration from a beautiful woman before. By degrees his heart warmed at the least thought of the kind little lady. He began to have as much confidence in himself in her society as with men; he grew composed and self-possessed, and, at last, Mrs. Hastings resigned the monopoly of the conversation and it was Skerrett who introduced topics and discussed them at length—at fearful length, both Mrs. Hastings and the old lady thought, for Skerrett's talk was in the upper strata of philosophy; but they were apparently all devotion, interest and attention, and Skerrett believed they were very appreciative auditors, especially the younger one, the beautiful one.

He was by no means unconscious of admiring his friend's wife—for her wit, her amiability, her elegant manners and her remarkable interest in all philosophical disquisitions. How interesting she seemed in conversation—when he did all the talking himself; in fact she

was on his mind all the time. Every evening after he went to his room he sat thinking about her for an hour. He looked at all the fancy work in the room many times over (it was the first time he ever noticed such things); he smiled on the tidies, the pincushions and the embroidery on the pillow-shams, and wondered if she had made it with her own hands; he lingered fondly over the flowers which she never neglected to place on the mantelpiece and recalled the evening's conversation and her every gesture, attitude and smile. Then he sighed and confessed that he admired her very much. Such another woman could not exist, wherefore it followed he should remain a bachelor.

He thought about her all day long. Whatever he did, saw, heard, he treasured up his experiences to relate to her. He grew anxious about her future and began to take a deep interest in his friend Hastings' business prosperity and to study over plans to promote his welfare. When he heard, one day, that Hastings had recently lost some money in Wall Street he made up his mind that he must himself begin to economize in order to help his friend out in case of need. Whenever he saw fine fruit or wonderful plants he thought of his friend's good little wife forthwith, and she became the daily recipient of innumerable gifts, not to mention the magazines, weeklies and novels with which he kept her well provided; whenever he left the house in the morning he never failed to offer his services for any commission she might be desirous of having executed.

And all this time Mrs. Hastings was thinking what a pity such a good soul should be so unfortunately homely, and she was constantly wishing that dear Walter would hurry home and take him off her hands, he did break up so much of her day! His attentions, little gifts and offer of services she at first thought only proper and natural in the absence of her husband, but at last she thought she detected a disposition to make a private matter of it. He would wait till the old lady had left the room; or, if he found her alone, he would hur-

riedly avail himself of the opportunity to proffer his services or lay down his gifts. When there was nothing he could do for her he sought to invent the most trivial pretexts to be of service. Finally she could deny the truth to herself no longer—this long, lank, burlesque imitation of a man was in love with her!

What was she to do? He must be cured without delay—Walter would be home next week! A friendship like theirs must not be wrecked by such foolishness as this!

"Well, I'll cure him!" and she laughed to herself as she formulated a plan. "He is anxious to be useful, and useful he shall be!"

The next morning Skerrett lingered about the house till the elder Mrs. Hastings left the room, when he rose to take his departure, murmuring in a low tone:

"Is there anything I can do for you to-day?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hastings, musingly, "there is something I want done very much, but I hardly like to ask you to do it. Besides, you are going out now."

"No, no" returned Skerrett quickly and speaking with great earnestness, while his homely face flushed, "I have nothing in the world to take me out. If there is anything you want done I beg you to set me at the task, no matter what."

"What!" cried Mrs. Hastings, rising, "would you do even an inglorious, menial labor?"

"Put me to the test."

"Well, my sewing machine wants cleaning and oiling. It will have to be taken all apart. But you are such a genius——"

"Where is it?" cried Skerrett, throwing down his hat and gloves, his heart beating with joy that, at last, she had called upon him for downright labor.

He followed her to a room where her sewing work lay on a table, and the sewing machine was delivered into his hands. He had no idea how to take it apart, much less put it together again; but he worked away for dear life, alternately studying the manual of

directions and plunging into the complications of the machine with screw-driver and oil can, and when, an hour later, the elder Mrs. Hastings looked in upon them he was covered with dust and besmeared with oil and verdigris.

"Why, my dear," cried the old lady, looking at them in amazement through her spectacles, "what are you making Mr. Skerrett do?"

"Cleaning the sewing machine," returned the younger lady, blandly.

"But, my dear!" cried the old lady again, "why did you not have Maggie do it?"

"I should, grandma," replied Mrs. Hastings, with affected simplicity, "but Mr. Skerrett said he could do it."

The forenoon was pretty well broken up by the time the sewing machine was put together again in sewing condition, and then Skerrett, happy, triumphant, his ardor only increased by the hardships he had endured for her, again begged to know, as he was about to start down town, if she had any commission for him.

Mrs. Hastings meditated. "How near are you going to Washington Market?"

Concealing the fact that he was not going within a mile or two of the market he replied with alacrity: "I am going right past there."

"Then I wonder if it will be too much trouble for you to bring me some rhubarb?"

"I will bring you all the rhubarb you want with great pleasure," cried Skerrett in ecstasy.

"It is so awkward to carry——"

"Not at all! Don't think of it! How much do you want?"

"Oh, about what you can carry conveniently—an armful."

"Now, is there anything else?" demanded Skerrett, with unabated zeal. "Don't hesitate to command me if there is."

"I wonder if you would be willing to take the trouble to bring me——"

"I will bring you a whale if you want it!"

"No, I don't want a whale. I want a fresh codfish. Would you bring such a horrid thing as that?"

"Bring it? I'd bring a dozen!"

"Oh, one is all I want."

"Well, then, one you shall have!"

More infatuated than ever, he hurried off to the nearest elevated station, looking at his watch as he went; but, perfectly reckless of broken engagements, he proceeded directly to the market in his nervous anxiety to secure his rhubarb and codfish forthwith. At the market he wended his way in and out among the stalls of fruit, vegetables, fish, flesh and fowl, and, with ardor undiminished by unpleasant sights and unromantic odors, bought a huge, slippery codfish with gaping mouth and sightless eyes and as much rhubarb as he could carry under one arm.

"Shall I send them?" asked the marketman.

"Send them!" cried Skerrett, grasping his purchases jealously. Send what he was ready to lay down his life to take to her himself! He seized the rhubarb, which protruded at both ends from the coarse brown paper wrapper, and thrust it under his right arm, then tucked the fish package under his left, replying gruffly:

"No, you needn't send them! I'll take them myself," and off he strode, callous to public opinion.

Mrs. Hastings found he was not cured, and the next morning, when he begged for something to do in her behalf, she replied: "You shall have all you want to do to-day. Both my servants have left me and the Bellaires dine here to-night."

"Why, then," cried Skerrett, in delight, "let me hunt you up some servants!"

"Oh, my!" cried Mrs. Hastings, "you know not what it is in New York to find a good cook on short notice. Now, I was thinking if you knew how to cook——"

"O, I do! I have camped out many a time and oft! I can cook anything from birds to rhinoceroses."

"Then you show me how, and I will cook the dinner."

"No, oh, no. You shall not soil your hands nor burn your fingers. I shall do the work. Your part shall be to

look on and tell me where things are. But you won't expose me to the Bellaires?"

"Never! I shall try to find a couple of waiters somewhere and manage to keep up appearances."

They repaired to the kitchen, where they found there was no coal up, and the janitor knew altogether too much of the rights of man to send up coal after the regular hours. Skerrett was surprised. He never knew before that there were any regular hours.

"Then how do you get it?" he asked with puzzled simplicity.

"Jane always had to go after it if she failed in getting it at the right time."

"Ah! indeed!" murmured Skerrett as the light broke in upon him. "Well, I'm Jane. Where shall I find the coal and what shall I bring it up in?"

"The coal is in a bin in the cellar," replied Mrs. Hastings, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. The coal joke would certainly cure him. "Here is the key," she added demurely. "The bin is kept locked, so the janitor can steal only when he has the key. Jane sends the key down on the dumb-waiter. Our bin is number three. I've never been down there myself, but this cask is what Jane always sends down to the janitor. But really, are you going to do it?" she added anxiously, perceiving that her patient displayed no improvement in his symptoms. "I wouldn't go down cellar for anybody in this world!"

A sublime smile lighted up Skerrett's homely face, a smile that spread till it illuminated his whole countenance when the cask was found to be half full of ashes, and when he ascertained that it was customary for Jane to place it thus on the dumb-waiter for the janitor to empty ere he returned it filled with coal!

"Well, indeed, you are an athlete!" cried Mrs. Hastings as Skerrett placed the cask on the dumb-waiter with one hand. "But you don't really believe you can lift it when it is full of coal?"

Skerrett, eager to exhibit his strength to her admiring gaze, hurriedly found the way to the cellar, stumbled about

in the darkness hunting for the coal bin, and, after emptying the cask, filled it with coal, pulled it up on the dumb-waiter, returned to the kitchen, and, grasping the top of the cask with one hand, lifted it off and placed it on the opposite side of the room without any apparent effort.

"Why, you are a perfect Samson!" cried Mrs. Hastings. "That cask holds a hundred pounds! I remember now, Walter told me you were an athlete, and I should say you were!"

Skerrett smiled proudly. How happy he was, and how far from being cured by any task she could impose on him! He was not idle a moment. The dumb-waiter whistle was all the time blowing. A huge block of ice came up at one trip, then meat, then groceries, then milk, then poultry, and so on *ad infinitum*; then the letter carrier whistled every hour in the day and Skerrett seized the key and ran down two steps at a time to the box for the letters; then some of the groceries were found to be missing after the wagon was gone, and there being no time to lose he went after them himself. By the time he was back the fire was out in the range and he had to build it anew. Then there were peas to shell, strawberries to hull, soup to make, dessert to prepare, and no inconsiderable number of puddles, resulting from his own or his assistant's awkwardness and inexperience, to clean up; yet nothing could humiliate him, nothing could annoy him, although ashes flew over him, smut and soot stuck to him, plates and platters eluded him, eggs vanished his grasp, and things boiled over or got scorched with surprising suddenness and facility; but the charming lady for whom he had become a slave was there and he was jubilant. He had numerous opportunities of colliding with her, of brushing past her or jostling against her, and he was therefore not cured that day, although he cut his fingers with the butcher knife, burnt his thumb opening the oven door, scalded his hand with steam from the tea kettle, then poured boiling hot water over it from the hot-water faucet, which he mistook for the cold, and finally he upset a dish of

floating islands all over the dining-room floor.

But he reveled even in his mishaps and often paused in the midst of his ignominious labors to say impressively:

"When Adam delv'd and Eve span  
Who was then a gentleman?"

During all this time the elder Mrs. Hastings was seriously troubled by the goings on in the kitchen, looking out upon them occasionally, saying earnestly :

"My dear, but you ought not to let Mr. Skerrett do this, you ought not, indeed!"

As for the dinner, Skerrett proved far less accomplished as a cook than as an athlete. The one thing needful to bring everything to perfection was constantly missing. Some things were scorched, some were raw in the middle, and some were raw and scorched both; some tasted smoky or greasy and some had no taste at all. But the Bellaires were Hastings' mother's second cousins and neither malicious nor dyspeptic, so, with the aid of some flowers in the centre of the table, a handsome display of beautifully decorated china and silver, and a good deal of dessert, in addition to the two borrowed waiters, the dinner passed off very pleasantly.

The next morning, a new brace of servants being installed, Skerrett for a day or two experienced the awful sense of being useless and superfluous; he looked eagerly for an opportunity to fill up a gap somewhere in the domestic economy, and Mrs. Hastings, in desperation, resolved to make one more effort to cure him of his malady. She would administer a heroic dose of her remedy and make an end of it. Her husband's return had been delayed, and moving day had arrived and found Skerrett eager to be of service to her in this great trial of a housewife's life.

"You can certainly put me to some good use on this momentous occasion," he said.

"Yes, this is your golden opportunity," replied Mrs. Hastings, now somewhat maliciously, "if you have any skill at packing. To begin with, you might just take those books down

and box them; then you may pack the bric-à-brac. After that you may come out into the dining room and pack the dishes, and the pictures, too. It is terrible leaving such things to these savages. If it is not imposing too much upon you —"

"Why, if necessary," burst in Skerrett fervently, overflowing with happiness, "I would even take up the carpets!"

"Why, will you, indeed! Then that is another burden off my mind. You know these men take it by one corner and rip it up regardless of consequences."

"Just leave it to me," replied Skerrett grandly. "Rely upon it, you could not have a more faithful slave."

"Oh, I am quite satisfied of that!" replied Mrs. Hastings, with a sneer that she thought he must perceive. "I will leave you now, as I have my trunks to pack—and oh, by the way, you are such a Samson and my trunks will be so heavy, I shall be afraid to let those men carry them down! They love to smash heavy trunks. I know you would be delighted to do it, and would do it safely."

"You but do me justice," cried Skerrett, his heart big with gratitude.

Mrs. Hastings hurried from the room, and Skerrett went joyfully to work, packed all the books, hammered his fingers blue boxing them, and ran slivers under his thumb nails and into his palms, for he was somewhat awkward at the business despite his pretensions. The books off his hands, he took down the pictures and packed the bric-à-brac, then he took a tack-claw and went down on his knees, and with a patience and fortitude and fidelity that ennobled his labor he took up the carpets, tack by tack. He had just proudly tossed a huge Saratoga to his shoulder, and, spurning the elevator, had started down the stairs, Mrs. Hastings gazing down upon him in alarm and despair, when the elevator shot up, the door on the third floor slid back and Hastings stepped forth. Reaching the foot of the stairs, Skerrett, standing like a Titan, his burden on his shoulder, glanced upward for one word or look of applause and found himself un-

noticed, forgotten. Hastings stood bending over his wife, whose countenance, upraised to his, was irradiated with delight as the infatuated admirer had never beheld it.

Instantly he realized his position, instantly he felt himself hurled from his proud pinnacle to the level of a common porter, a vulgar, sweating laborer; and to complete his degradation Hastings came to the edge of the stairs, and, shocked and amazed at the spectacle, exclaimed :

" Skerrett ! what in heaven's name are you doing ? "

Then Mrs. Hastings looked down upon him and there was something imperative and freezing in her manner as she said: " Don't carry that any farther, Mr. Skerrett. Let the men take that trunk."

She turned away, and, without awaiting the end, escaped to her room. Her husband followed her.

" Tell me, what does this mean ? " he cried.

" Mean ! It means that I have been trying to make him tired—as tired as he makes me ! "

" Nellie ! "

" Was it my fault ? "

" No ! But poor Skerrett ! I ought to have known better ! Now I suppose he will take to drink or commit suicide ! "

He dropped into a seat and gazed in dismay at his charming wife, taking it as a matter of course that his friend should have fallen in love with her, and endeavored to consider what he could do for the poor fellow.

" We shall have to have a series of entertainments and, at least, try to divert his mind so as to keep him from going to the dogs. He might take to gambling or speculating or something."

For the next few days Skerrett's behavior was extraordinary. Hastings declared to his wife in private that the poor fellow's mind must be giving away.

" He is not himself. His whole conversation now is about women, a subject that no one could ever get him to utter a word upon until this thing hap-

pened. Now he is always discussing some woman's beauty or accomplishments, and ten times a day he asks me to pick him out a wife—says he's bound to get married before he goes home. I tell you, he's gone daft."

Finally " the poor fellow " settled down on one young lady, Miss Harriet Bigelow, talking of her continually and seeking her society in the most ostentatious manner.

" I've taken a great notion to that woman," he declared several times a day. " I wonder if she would accept me if I propose ? " and then he consulted with Mrs. Hastings as to whether it would be the correct thing to test the young lady's sentiments by giving her something. " Say a carriage and pair ? Or how would a diamond necklace do ? "

" His brain is softening !" groaned Hastings. " I feared this from the first ! Poor fellow ! And he eats nothing ! "

But at last Skerrett ceased to babble of women in general, and of Miss Bigelow in particular, and grew silent and introspective.

" Consumption !" sighed Hastings. " Just what I anticipated ! We must try to induce him to take cod-liver oil or else go to Florida. But how am I to broach the subject ? It is a very delicate matter."

But Hastings was wrong in his diagnosis. In his clumsy way Skerrett had only been striving to hide his wounds. But they were not mortal, and now, in proof that he was already off with the old love and on with the new (he had to thank the first for the joys of the second), he was actually unable to comprehend how he ever came to fall in love with Hastings' wife.

" Stupid little thing !" he thought to himself, and wondered how he had ever been so infatuated with her as to submit to her degrading and ridiculous exactions. And Miss Bigelow was so intellectual and witty, so stately and distinguished looking !

Thus it happened that this over-modest, diffident young man accidentally came to experience the happiness of loving a woman who could under-

stand and appreciate him, and found it immensely superior to an infatuation for a woman who dotes on another fellow, not to mention being married to him.

So, instead of going to his funeral or paying him weekly visits in a mad-

house they soon had the satisfaction of attending his wedding.

"And Hattie Bigelow actually loves him!" cried Mrs. Hastings. "She thinks he's the handsomest man on earth—that jumping-jack!"

F. B. CARRERE.



### DAME NATURE, ARTIST.

Dame Nature took her brush one day,  
And on our cheeks in gentle play  
With strokes of winter's blast she drew  
Her lover's gift—a rosy hue.

P. J. M.



## TOPICS OF INTEREST.

### REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR WOMEN.

A GREAT deal is being said and written of late on the subject of remunerative employments for women, and several publications, daily and weekly, are offering prizes for the best suggestion as to how a woman can enter into business on a small capital. All sorts of ideas are contributed, some only imaginative and untried, some the practical schemes of women already actually engaged in carrying them on. The latter reveal a broad field of activity for the business woman, but it seems highly absurd that any one suggestion should be denominated "the best," since what would be adapted to the temperament, taste, education, and preconceived opinions of one might not do for all. One woman, for instance, is rapidly making money by the cultivation and sale of mushrooms. "Most women would be disgusted with an occupation involving so much repulsive and unhealthy manual labor as making and keeping hotbeds in order in a cellar, and watching and cutting the fungus as it appears.

Another woman states that she is raising tiny pet dogs which bring fabulous prices, and this she regards as a refined and lady-like and very interesting business. Some self-reliant women anxious to support themselves and families would prefer to take in washing to becoming dog breeders; and then there is the risk of waking up some morning to find that one of your seventy-five dollar dogs has given up the ghost.

A number of women relate their experience in raising poultry and canaries. But they count their chickens before they are hatched, and even their eggs before they are laid, and say nothing about the cholera, the gapes, the roup, or the asthma, and the num-

ber of dead that are buried every morning.

Some suggest opening tiny little refreshment saloons, and count up their profits without any allowance for the other woman in the same business on the other side of the street or a block lower down, where she gets the cream of the trade. Another woman ciphers out how much can be made raising honey, but says nothing of the manifold accidents that may befall a colony of bees, and makes no allowance for an overstocked honey market. Another suggests the florist's business, without any allowance for the bulbs and seeds that fail to grow. Such old notions as keeping boarders, renting rooms or running a laundry are flouted at.

The probability is, whichever suggestion wins the prize, every woman with the necessary capital will prefer to risk it on what she knows the most about. Experience, courage, fitness and energy will count for more than capital in any business. We all of us look on and see others piling up a fortune in some business we know nothing about and are in no way tempted to risk our savings learning their secrets. People drift into a business; they do not jump in. In fact, most people are dragged in, neck and heels, or pushed in, and cannot for their lives scramble out. There is something to learn in every trade, hooks and crooks in every business, difficulties to overcome that you never suspected, losses just when you expected profit, and profit perhaps when you least looked for it. It is because of the pitfalls we suspect that we hesitate to venture. Numberless people are intending some day to "get into something" that has more money in it, and all the time keep right on in their own small way because they know all about it. I recall a farmer's wife, a very bright woman, devoting an incredible amount of time and energy to the raising of little pigs,

with one or more always in the hospital. On learning how small were her profits I advised her, as she had a place admirably suited to the purpose, to take summer boarders, but she was afraid to invest her savings in the necessary improvements and furnishings, fearing she would fail in obtaining patronage or would not understand the right thing to do if she did. But she tumbled into the business headlong when the neighboring hotels and boarding houses overflowed upon her, and after a season or two she spurned the little-pig business, with its great labor and small profits.

Almost everyone can look back over his life and recall that some accident or pressing necessity of the hour directed him into the business channel in which his fortune has been made. It demands almost superhuman courage and audacity, or else profound ignorance, to attempt the absolutely unknown. It is generally the employee who is unable to live on his wages, or the discharged clerk who starts out for himself in his former employer's line, or the widow who continues the business her husband established. But think of a woman who does not know a honey bee from a hornet, or who thinks the bee manufactures honey of his own internal mechanism, investing her hard-earned savings in a colony of these insects, or think of a woman investing her capital in the bulbs and seeds of plants she does not even know by sight! Yet success might be achieved in either by a studious, observing, patient woman, willing to read up in the literature of the business and to watch, ponder and experiment and, finally, able to reconcile herself to pay for her experience by meeting with some loss instead of expecting to make a fortune the first year or to accomplish at once as much as an expert.

\* \* \*

#### THE NEW WOMAN.

The new woman about whom we hear so much of late is nothing more than the natural result of a development of specialties among the sex.

The primitive woman is a jack-at-all-trades and mistress of none. She performs all her household labor, makes and mends the family wearing apparel, including the children's hats and her own bonnets, and is accounted a paragon of virtue. She earns no money, but she saves money, and is constantly boasting that a penny saved is as good as a penny earned. But if she is a good cook you may rely on it that she is a mortally poor milliner and an equally bad dressmaker; or, if she turns out a thing of beauty in head gear and looks as if melted down and poured into her dresses, you may stake your life upon it that she could never make her living as a cook.

Women are by nature conservative, else the development of specialties among them would have been coincident with the same process among men. The division and subdivision of labor, both manual and intellectual, among men has been going on since the beginning of time. The world would be as greatly amazed and amused at the spectacle of a cultivated and intellectual gentleman remaining about the house all day so as to be on hand to heave in the coal, chop the wood, shovel snow off the pavement, paint the window blinds, put some shelves up in the pantry, and then betake himself to his room to make himself a suit of clothes, clean and press his hat, repair his boots or construct a new pair, as it now is at what a late writer calls "the revolt of a sex" in allusion to woman's sudden and belated discovery that she, like her father, brother, or husband, can do some one thing better than anything else, and that a penny saved by doing one thing poorly while she might have earned a dollar doing another thing well is a loss of ninety-nine cents, not to count the credit and honor she has missed and the satisfaction and peace of mind in achieving superior work. A few geniuses there may be who can cook a good dinner, make a fine dress and iron a shirt fit to grace a prince at a ball, but they are as scarce as the men who can build a house with their own hands and preach a sermon out of their own heads

with equal success. The new woman, as she is termed, then, is simply the woman who has learned that if she must earn money she can earn more by doing that for which she is best qualified, for which she has the most taste, talent and aptitude, whether it be law, physic, commerce, art or literature, or any one of the multitude of trades. Parents would account it a grave error to put a son into the ministry if he were better fitted by nature for the law, or force him to become a grocer's clerk if he manifested a gift for painting and sculpture. But when it comes to the girls, they are supposed to be all alike—all have the same tastes, the same abilities, all must learn to do housework and sew, and trim their own bonnets. It is certainly the right thing if they have no especial gifts or desire for other work, but if they possess the taste and ability to do something more remunerative, and the one is repugnant to them and the other a delight, it would seem that there could be no greater merit in doing household labor which they dislike and giving up that which they prefer than for their brothers to coerce themselves into some distasteful occupation to the sacrifice of something in which they feel an interest.

But the girl who has no specialty in the world of industry does not possess the right to turn away from household employments. She must either do everything for herself, like the original woman in the Garden of Eden, or do some one thing for others in exchange

for their labors for her, else she is a drone in the hive, or, in plain modern English, a loafer—a dependent.

As for the new woman in bloomers atop her wheel, she is not new at all. She is the identical girl who parades the streets with the tallest of steeples on her head one season and the tiniest of pancakes the next. She is the very same rapid young thing who is wearing the biggest of big sleeves to-day, while not so very long ago she wore them so tight that she was forced to put on her hat before she donned her basque. You cannot fail to recognize her when you see her. She is always out first with the last new thing, and always goes to the uttermost extreme. This particular new woman is really very old. She is not wearing the bloomer rig on principle, or even because it is comfortable. She never attired herself for comfort in her life, and she is not beginning now. She is wearing the bloomer costume just to be stylish and stunning. She is perfectly innocent of ideas, and has no ambition whatever to earn her own living. It is a great mistake to suppose she is strong minded. She has not the least desire to vote or serve on the jury. She is not emancipated at all. But she has not been created entirely without a purpose. Her mission on earth is to render fashionable a garb which all working women ought to adopt, and to so accustom the mind and the eye to it that we shall cease to be shocked or amused by it, and stop turning around to stare at it.



## MIDWINTER FASHIONS.

NOW that the tide of fashion is in full swing, even the most hopelessly conservative admit that the momentous question concerning the "correct thing" has received its final answer, for the present at least, for it is too much to hope that Dame Fashion will long continue of the same mind.

The outlines of the style in dress being fixed, what few changes there are will be merely in matters of detail. Revers, for instance, have already received important modifications, and are now as diversified in size and shape as it is possible to imagine. Some of them attain formidable proportions and are elaborately trimmed; others, again, quite as stylish in their way, incline toward severe simplicity. One of the latest productions of a well-known Paris house has the revers cut in a large flap, the corners of which round off in a sweeping curve. Others resemble the letter "B" in shape, while others still are formed from a wide, straight band, which does duty as a collar in the back and terminates on a line with the bust in front, the ends being curved or pointed to suit the fancy. Wider revers caught in at the shoulder and held with a rhinestone ornament are another novelty, and one which is much used on evening costumes.

Almost invariably the revers are made of a different material from the body of the gown. Velvet is, perhaps, most commonly used for this purpose, affording as it does a pleasing contrast to the dress fabric, and being favorable to all faces. For those to whom "variety is the spice of life," however, costumers have provided revers in combinations of silk, satin, broadcloth, and even white suède kid. The latter is marvelously effective, though extremely perishable, and requires more care in handling than the average woman is willing to give it.

Wide sashes again occupy a conspicuous place on dressy costumes, and are usually of a contrasting color to the dress, though this is by no means imperative. Dresden silk, showing a blurred design of roses on a white ground, is in high favor for this purpose. A handsome sash of this kind was recently seen worn with an evening toilette of black. It was arranged in tiny folds at the front and tied in an enormous bow at the left side, the ends falling to the bottom of the skirt and the upper corner of the bow being caught in the centre of the back at the edge of the *décolletage*. Ribbons of satin, taffeta and moire are also used for this purpose.

The revival of the sash is sure to be eagerly welcomed, for there is almost no dress garniture so universally becoming. If of appropriate materials and properly adjusted it imparts to the most *passé* of gowns an air of elegance not to be lightly considered in the selection of trimmings. It is especially kind to skirts which have lost their pristine freshness, and its large butterfly bow serves to conceal a multitude of defects in the basque. Altogether the sash is a thing not to be despised by the woman who is compelled to make the most of her every belonging.

It would seem as though the limit had been reached in the matter of collars and collarettes, and that designers and modistes must soon turn their inventive genius elsewhere from sheer inability to devise anything new in this line. These dainty accessories come to us in all kinds of materials, from the filmiest of gauze and chiffon to those of fur and velvet. They scintillate with mock gems or rejoice in demure simplicity; they are gigantic or diminutive, to suit the fancy.

Boas of chiffon intermingled with flowers are now fashionable to wear with evening dress. A model which

showed the inimitable French touch was composed of a full shoulder frill of accordion-pleated chiffon, bordered

seems to be to reproduce those styles which were popular during the summer, merely substituting velvet and fur for



FIG. I.

with a narrow, fringe-like edge of feather trimming. The ends were continued down the front, forming a dainty boa.

The general tendency in collars

the sheer fabrics. For enlivening a sombre woolen gown an ingenious woman has evolved the idea of forming a crush collar of a plaid Windsor tie, such as was formerly held to be the

exclusive property of the small boy. It is strikingly effective.

Those in a position to speak authoritatively predict with much confidence a revival of black silk for entire costumes. This includes the dignified gros grain, as well as surah and the corded varieties. If this be an assured fact—and there is every reason to believe it is, for skirts of this material are already seen on the fashionable promenades—we have much for which to be thankful. Black silk is one of the few fabrics which can be worn to advantage by everyone. It is rich and elegant in effect, and is, on the whole, most economical; for, though its initial cost is by no means small, it will stand a vast deal of hard wear, and will submit gracefully to many a turning and renovation. And when it is no longer presentable for outside wear it may be converted into the most satisfactory of underskirts. Even then its field of usefulness is not at an end, for it still lives to furnish the best of lining for revers, pocket flaps, cuffs and the like, to say nothing of the basque itself. In fact, unlike any other material, not an inch of it need ever be wasted. For this reason, if for no other, it is the poorest kind of economy to purchase silk of an inferior grade, even though the means be limited. It is infinitely better to wait, if necessary, in order to obtain, if not the best, at least a fair quality. A good piece of silk would be cheap at \$2 per yard, and no reliance should be placed on those seductive advertisements which offer first-class material at less than half that sum.

Caniche is probably the most favored material for high-class walking gowns, though zibelines and the Scotch and Irish mixtures are a close second. Bedford cord, showing an indistinct figure, is one of the most promising novelties, as is also a material known as mohair malgache—a fabric which exhibits a light design on a dark background, the whole being covered by a network of black astrakhan. Silk and wool mohairs in attractive color combinations are also much seen.

Though the tendency of the times is

strongly in favor of frills and furbelows, the demands of the practical "tailor-made" woman have by no means been ignored. The various rough-faced cloths always take precedence for this purpose among an ever-increasing majority. Their principal claim for consideration lies in the peculiar appropriateness of these goods to the winter season. They convey an air of comfortable defiance to biting winds, and possess, moreover, excellent wearing properties. Then, again, the tailor-made costume requires little or no trimming. A few buttons and a bit of velvet for the collar, aside from the inevitable machine stitching, are all that is essential or in good taste. Mixed tweeds, Irish frieze and camel's-hair are all ideal materials for the purpose, broadcloth and the plain-faced fabrics being more appropriate to stout figures.

The fact that so many costumes of this order develop into monstrosities is due primarily to a settled conviction which obtains among many women that nature has not intended the severely plain costume for their use. By all means, then, oh, ye sylph-like maidens, let the tailor-made suit alone and adhere tenaciously to those fluffy styles which are better adapted to your particular style of beauty. But do not attempt a compromise, or the result will be disastrous. The instant that loose effects, laces *et al.*, are introduced on the tailor-made costume the style is irretrievably ruined. It permits not the slightest liberty in this matter. Stitched flaps, dainty vests and shapely revers are the natural concomitants of the tailor-made gown, and woe be to the venturesome damsel who endeavors to take from it its individuality.

Figure 1 is an excellent model for a tailor-made costume, and one which will develop attractively in almost any fabric of seasonable weight, though bouclé cloth is to be preferred. The skirt is cut godet style and has a foot trimming of passementerie, which also ornaments the upper portion of the skirt, as well as the basque. The latter is of fashionable length, and presents the popular ripple effect below the

waist line. The sleeves are especially bouffant above the elbow, though fitting the forearm closely.

For those costumes which demand

gown with which they are to be worn, though ties of black and white are used with all costumes. The Ascot variety is in high favor, and is usually seen in



FIG. 2.

the use of ties fashion has provided a large assortment. Four-in-hands are perhaps the most popular. They come in silk and satin, usually matching the

white silk sprigged with a white or a pale color blossom design. Plain ties of soft surah silk are also much worn, though those of purely masculine char-

acter are much more jaunty and effective.

A very pretty gown shown at one of the importers' was of gray mixed homespun. The bodice was severely plain, and opened in double-breasted fashion over a linen chemisette. A plain skirt and a smart black satin tie completed the effect.

For evening wear the variety of fabrics was never greater or the effects more bewilderingly beautiful. Chiffon is again to the fore, not shirred over colored bodices, however, as during last season, but accordion pleated, requiring yards and yards of this diaphanous fabric, and entailing as a natural sequence a vast deal of expense. A new and exquisite variety of this charming fabric is known as "chameleon chiffon." As its name suggests, it changes color in the different lights. A substitute for chiffon has at last been invented and is now on the market. It is much firmer in texture and infinitely less perishable. It lacks the daintiness and much of the softness of the original, however, for which reasons it will probably be unpopular.

Shot and printed velvets, the latter having much the appearance of being hand-painted, are much in demand. Brocaded satins, pluses and velvets also are once more to the fore. The designs are conspicuously large, but not of the hideous wall-paper variety once so common, but, for the most part, are dainty and graceful in the extreme. Except for ball gowns, they are seldom or never used for entire costumes. In light colors they form handsome vests and accessories for the elaborate coat basques, or they may form the basques entire. In this case the body of the basque should be of a dark shade and the vest much lighter, and of material without a pattern. Velveteens, plain or ribbed, moiré antique, showing scattered designs in delicate tints, and silk corduroys are among the most attractive materials exhibited on the counters.

Fig. 2 is an exquisite costume, and is intended for dressy wear. It has the regulation skirt, having a broad foot border, embroidered with beads and

ornamented with ostrich-feather trimming placed in small tufts. The bodice is short, fastening invisibly at the back, and displays the same garniture as does the skirt. The full balloon sleeves have embroidered cuffs.

In the matter of sleeves there is but little new to chronicle. They are much smaller than heretofore, and are made sans stiffening of any kind, insuring a graceful droop, in striking contrast to the styles of a few months ago. A fashion that has little to recommend it save its novelty is that of placing horizontal tucks in the puffs of sleeves. These tucks are from one-half to an inch in width, and are seen both singly and in groups.

Another innovation is the melon section sleeve. As the title suggests, it is arranged in sections resembling the cut portions of a melon. The latter begin just below the elbow and extend to the shoulder. In evening dresses the effect is exquisite, the section being made in a contrasting shade, which displays itself with every movement of the wearer.

Hoop skirts and bustles are again insinuating themselves into the public favor. They are not the monstrosities which we knew of yore, but tiny affairs of haircloth masquerading under the name of "dress extenders." The haircloth underskirt now has plaited ruffles at the back from band to hem. In some cases these are so arranged as to give the effect of both hoop skirt and bustle. Others produce the same effect by means of wires, or even have a genuine bustle attachment. They come in black, white and drab, and vary in price, according to quality, from \$7 to \$12.

Brown and green are the favorite colors of the season, with the preference largely in favor of the latter. Certain shades of purple are also popular, but generally this is used as an undertone in bouclé goods and not by itself. Nasturtium is one of the new color effects, and is, of course, similar to the flower from which it takes its name.

Braiding designs are seen on many of the newer importations, and a re-

vival of this method of trimming is among the certainties.

In outer garments there is to be a decided change. The wraps which have been in favor for so long have at last given way to the jacket. This, however, was expected when the sleeve

warmth about the shoulders, to be sure, but permitted great gusts of wind to enter at the waist, and in that way produced an uneven temperature of the body. However, the wrap is only banished for day wear, it being far too dressy to be easily supplanted for evening use. For the latter purpose it is seen in the most costly and beautiful fabrics, and is trimmed with swan's-down, angora and ostrich trimming. Dresden silks, poplin, mirror velvets, pluses and *velours du Nord* are the materials most in favor.

Probably the most fashionable hats of the season are the dressy and extremely serviceable little toques. There are few faces to which they are not becoming, and they are far less perishable than the velvet-colored and feather-trimmed affairs that are continually forced upon us by fashion's mandates.

In procuring a toque for actual service the trimmings selected should receive the most careful consideration. Lace, chiffon, feathers and the like should be studiously avoided and in their place ribbon or velvet, preferably the latter, and stiff quills and aigrettes should be substituted. Fig. 5 is a handsome toque of purple velvet, combined with light green satin brocaded with violets, matching the velvet in shade. The front is loosely pleated and turns slightly off the face. A bunch of jeweled aigrettes and a mock amethyst ornament surrounded with rhinestones form the sole trimming.

Chenille is used in every imaginable way, both for the hats themselves and for trimming. It is braided, made into wings or ornaments, and combined with jet or spangles. The soft Tam-o'-Shanter crown is still seen in a number of the larger hats, and is usually of a shade different from the brim. Black and white remain the favorite combination. Nasturtium velvet, as well as several new shades in blue, green and purple,



FIG. 3

decreased in size. There is little cause for regret that the cape has departed, for it was probably responsible for more illness than all the rest of the health destroyers put together. No matter of what material it was constructed it afforded but little protection against the weather. It bestowed

is also in demand. The present revival of the Pompadour style of dressing the hair is sure to have its effect in the hat shapes of the near future. Hats tilted slightly over the forehead have already been seen in Paris, but their popularity is as yet an open question.

Muffs matching the hats are now extremely fashionable and wonderfully effective. They may be round or flat,

around the crown and a bunch of soft aigrettes and a *chou* of lace completed the effect.

Fig. 3 illustrates a charming model for an evening bonnet, and one, too, that will not be too pronounced for use during the day as well. The crown is of pink velvet scattered with tiny white dots. An aigrette bow of black velvet ribbon and lace insertion adorns the front, the insertion being applied in bands between the loops. A feather aigrette adorns either side of the back. The strings are of black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 4 shows a fashionable large hat, and one which will be found universally becoming. The brim is covered with eminence purple velvet, and a narrow band of astrakhan finishes the edge. The crown is of the Tam-o'-Shanter variety, and is extended into broad loops in the centre of the front. Long loops of black satin ribbon are placed upright on the right side, while folded ones rest on the opposite brim.

The same reckless extravagance which characterizes the *fin de siècle* costume has penetrated to the inmost recesses of milady's wardrobe, and her underwear now rivals her outside clothing in beauty and variety.

Underwear now is worn in sets of four pieces — chemise, drawers, night dress and skirt, the same scheme of decoration being used throughout, and the fashionable woman would as soon think of wearing a theatre bonnet with her ulster as of associating a large trimmed skirt with an embroidered chemise. The latter are no longer made to do duty as a combination under-petticoat, however. They are somewhat shorter than formerly, and are untrimmed on the lower edge. Some of these chemises are made of fine China silk, having deep frills of sheer white lawn edged with cream Valenciennes lace and insertion around the neck and sleeves. Ruffles of this kind are in high



FIG. 4.

but must be comparatively large. The flat variety are decidedly the prettier being infinitely less clumsy looking.

An exquisite evening bonnet, the crown of which was made entirely of jeweled passementerie, was recently seen at a fashionable assemblage. The crown was very low, and of the Tam-o'-Shanter order, while the brim was narrow and very much fluted. A twist of emerald green velvet was placed

favor this season, and are shown on both night dresses and short skirts. The corset cover has been completely abandoned by the majority of women. For those who still cling to this article of apparel, however, several new designs have been put on the market. Fine nainsook is the material most in favor for this purpose and the covers are almost invariably cut without seams, except the one under the arms. Tiny tucks meet in the front and back, bringing the fullness in at the waist, where a tape belt sewn on the inside holds them in place. This is a vast improvement on the old style, which was disposed to be too short-waisted, for the tape can be raised or lowered at will. A beading run through with ribbon finishes the neck.

Night dresses are made with the fronts cut slightly décolleté, while the backs are Shirred. The Mother Hubbard style is strongly in evidence on the counters, though the Empire gowns are preferred by many. A particularly pretty batiste night dress is made with bands of embroidered insertion edged with Cluny lace.

The drawers are very full and wide, being gathered to a yoke at the waist line in order to avoid too much fullness about the hips. They are trimmed with row upon row of ruffles, which are edged with lace to correspond with the rest of the undergarments, and are, as a natural sequence, very expensive. Women of sterling common sense, however, favor those having much less fullness, which are quite as pretty.

Umbrella skirts are one of the season's novelties. They are made extremely full below the knee, thereby supplying to the dress that stiffness which the haircloth interlining formerly provided. Black moreen also continues to be in demand among those practical persons who understand and appreciate its advantages. Many of the more expensive skirts have wire run through the hem to preserve the flare, and all have ruffles some nine or ten inches in width. The latter are frequently trimmed, both top and bottom, with a tiny ruching of taffeta pinked on the edges. Some of the

more elaborate underskirts have three ruffles, requiring over thirty yards of lace for their decoration. Even with comparatively inexpensive lace this style would be expensive to the point of willful extravagance.

Wash silk seems to be the material most in favor for high-class underwear, though many reject it in favor of linen, nainsook, jaconet, French



FIG. 5

cambric and batiste. The laces most in vogue are Cluny, torchon and the perennial Valenciennes, which is, perhaps, the prettiest of all, despite the fact that it, like the poor, is "ever with us." Fine embroideries are also much used, as well as ribbons narrow and wide. These are so inserted as to be removable and easily be replaced by those of another color. In some cases entire ruffles are made of the

ribbon, but this style is hardly practicable for the ordinary woman who has no disposition to spend her entire time on her apparel. All of the best undergarments are made entirely by hand, the delicate materials of which they are constructed not permitting of the use of the machine. One style of material is now considered the best taste, though the trimming may be varied to suit the fancy, always providing it is appropriate to the fabric. Torchon lace is effective when used with linen, and nainsook combines well with Point de Paris.

The fashionable woman's stockings either match her dress or are of black. Some of the latter are shown with the boot top in delicate shades, though these are not held to be in such good taste as those of one color throughout. In evening stockings, however, the assortment is varied and most attractive.

Many have bands or strips of insertion, spangles, embroidery in colors, or in some instances are even hand painted, but the latter are happily but little in demand.

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## PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

### WOMAN'S BROADER LIFE.

Margherita Arlina Hamm will resume in the January number her interesting articles, entitled "Woman's Broader Life," that have been such a popular feature of **ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE**. Every woman who is interested in the advancement of her sex politically, socially and in the business world, and who desires to keep pace with woman's rapid progress, should read these articles. They will not appear in any other publication, and alone are worth the subscription price of the magazine.

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It will be enlarged and improved during the coming year until it has reached a point of excellence equal to the best magazines of to-day. Articles by well-known writers will appear and its typography and illustrations will be the best that art can produce.

Replies to inquiries about back numbers may be delayed somewhat, owing to the increase of work caused by the change in ownership of the magazine and the removal of the printing department to New York.

### OUR NEW HOME.

The illustration on this page shows the new quarters of **ARTHUR'S HOME**



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### THE NEW COVER.

The artistic new cover of this number of **ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE** was designed by Mr. C. D. Farrand, one of the best artists in New York, and engraved by the New York Engraving and Printing Company.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

A man is like a razor, because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is strapped.

The Princess of Wales has had printed for private distribution some songs which she has composed for the zither.

In Sweden it is believed that if a bride during the marriage ceremony can keep her right foot in advance of the bridegroom's she is destined to secure future supremacy.

Bicycling has risen to such favor at Vassar College that the halls of the entire floor of the main building are flanked with bicycle racks. Most of the faculty, as well as the students, ride.

In a cemetery in France one reads: "Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife. She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss." On the same stone is the following inscription: "Here lies Henrietta, my second wife. She was also an angel."

Groom: "Well, my dear, the wedding tour is finished, and here we are in our new home." Bride: "But, George, the servant girl who was to be here has not arrived." "I see. It's too late to hunt up another to-day. I suppose you can get supper, can't you?" "Of course. Go out and buy some steak, not too rare, with mushrooms and French potatoes, and iced cake and a hot pie, and I'll set the table while you're gone."

The latest story of a wondrous gold find in Alaska is of a lake whose bed is literally paved deep with gold dust. The lake is 1,000 yards long, 400 yards wide and 150 feet deep. It is fed by water from a glacier, and its only outlet is a little stream two feet deep, but of incredible swiftness. The assay of the sand which a sea captain brought to Seattle recently showed \$8 to \$10 a cubic yard, and on this basis a man could alone take out \$10,000 a year.

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"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "who was it supported the world on his shoulders?" "It was Atlas, ma'am." "And who supported Atlas?" "The book doesn't say, but I suppose his wife supported him."

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Ella: "Why, father, I should think you would be ashamed to wear that pair of number twelve boots with those huge nails." Father, significantly: "I know, my dear, but the heifer died to-day, and I want to kick somebody." Then Ella went into the house, and wrote Walter not to call for a week.



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